THE
COMMONWEAL

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THE VOTE OF THE FIRESIDE MOB

SOMETHING will happen in the political campaign of 1928 that has never happened before. McKinley's "front porch" campaign will be transformed into a "living-room" campaign. Wherever a national candidate speaks, a microphone will be before him, and his words will be tested, not by the contagious enthusiasm of a mob, but by the cool standards of an armchair. Politics will not only be in the air but on the air.

Now this comparatively innocent fact may have luminous results. Political leaders will be dealing in a wholly new type of mob psychology—and the leader whose intuition first guides him to the correct way of handling a "fireside mob" will discover an enormous advantage. The subject is a fascinating one for speculation, and an intensely practical one for party generalissimos. There are no important precedents to go by, no means of testing results until election day itself, and few experts to lend advice.

The old technique of political speech-making is pretty well known. The central idea traces back to the circus and the military parade—the use of bands, the preliminary speakers, the dramatic staging of the candidate's entrance, the standing multitude, the hushed reverence, the contagion of laughter, the rhetorical climax, the organized cheering, the band playing The Star-Spangled Banner, and the candidate's smiling disappearance to other fertile fields. Then—the next morning—a carefully revised version of the great speech in all the local papers, and condensed versions for the country at large colored by eye-witness reports of the "surging mob and wild enthusiasm." Of course the real effect of all this on the "silent vote" and on the stay-at-homes was generally overestimated. The very excesses of mob demonstration were apt to bring an eleventh-hour cooling, so that many a Bryan has found defeat in the débris left by a cyclonic swing around the circuit. No candidate could be everywhere at once, and by the time he had revived Chicago, San Francisco was growing faint.

How different the radio possibilities! Daily meetings, ten million strong, speeches and counter-speeches taking on the excitement of a debate, introductory music by the country's finest bands, and shrill over the ether, the actual clamor of the audience. The candidate's last words winging in one second from East to West across the continent, reaching the voters of every section only a few hours before polling time, implanting his personality once more in their minds. What a temptation to demagogy!

But here is where science, like nature, sets up her own correctives. We have drawn the picture as only

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the enthusiast might see it. There is another side to it, with enough pins projecting to puncture the most ambitious balloon. These daily meetings, "ten million strong"—just what are they?

Turn for a moment to a few firesides. Father, weary from the day's work, sits in his armchair and reaches out to the radio dial. Frieda Hempel is singing an operatic aria in subsidized aid of an automobile. A little high-brow for this particular father—so he turns the dial another half-inch. Some happy young gentlemen, who have been studiously happy for three years, are shouting their happiness louder than ever. Mother objects, and Tommy, aged twelve, applauds. "Do your algebra!" says mother sternly, and father turns again. Ah—here it is! Senator Sprach is speaking to a monster gathering in the Metropolitan Opera House. Sprach has a resonant voice. Father settles back, Tommy squirms, and mother picks up a detective novel. Sister Alice, aged seventeen, glances up at the clock.

"The great principles of the American constitution, written with the life-blood of our forebears, are at stake!" cries Sprach. "We don't ask for license, but we do want liberty for the great masses—liberty, that glorious word—"

"Dad—if the square of x equals the cube of y—"

"Keep still, Tommy, I'm listening—"

"But Ma said—"

"Yes, Henry"—mother now getting liberty mixed with the discovery of the dead body—"You must help Tommy. His last marks were very poor!"

Father's jaw sets. "None of you seems to realize that next Tuesday is election day. I want quiet!"

And he gets it—sullen, ominous quiet, through which Sprach's voice rings out: "And so I submit that unless you place our government in the hands of the best minds, of men loyal to the principles that have made this country the greatest, the richest, the most powerful and most progressive nation on earth; unless, I say, you give us next Tuesday—"

"Oh, Dad"—this from Alice—"did you get the theatre tickets for Tuesday night?"

"No! Keep quiet!"

"But there won't be a seat left and I promised Jane—"

"How do you think I can listen if—"

"Well, he sounds like a fog horn anyhow! You can read it all in the papers tomorrow—and you promised to get the tickets today—"

"Can I go, too, Dad?" Tommy brightens.

And thus—in a million homes—will the eloquence of Sprach explode on the pins of domestic routine. No—the speech that thrills a mob may chill a fireside—and only words of pithy wisdom, sharp wit and incisive sincerity will keep the dial where political strategists want it kept.

The truth is that radio will achieve, even more than the movies, the cold-blooded measure of a man. We have had, in fairly recent times, candidates whose speeches have read fairly well in print, men of sound ideas, either of their own or of their publicity helpers, and men whose physical appearance on a platform, or in the movies, has brought a certain dignity to their words. It is no just criticism of these men as executives to say that their spoken words, droning over the ether and falling into the democratic turmoil of domestic evenings, would cast a pall the like of which has never been seen in political history. Nor would the professional spell-binders fare much better. The average American is a pretty astute critic of bombast when isolated in his armchair from the emotions of an organized mob. He has a large fund of native logic, a quick resentment of empty rhetoric and an acute perception of sincerity. He is apt to demand of his radio candidate a fine balance between interesting ideas, clearly put, and an effective verbal delivery. He is apt to notice very quickly if his entire family listens contentedly to one candidate and grows restless under the bombardment of another. No matter how annoying he may find family interruptions at the moment, they will have some bearing in the final decision made in the seclusion of a voting booth.

This will not apply, of course, to the mass of mechanical voters, to the straight party men who surrendered private thinking when they cast their first vote. But that type of voter long ago lost control of the country. The mere fact that a state like New York can persistently elect a Democratic governor with a Republican legislature establishes the enormous power of the independent vote today. The radio will undoubtedly increase that vote by a very considerable margin—to the same degree, in fact, that it makes the speaking personality of a candidate a familiar figure in millions of homes.

The best indication of this new current is the feeling so often expressed by editors and writers that there are no longer any "great figures" in American life. The real point is that there are fewer great legends, but probably more really great men. The cumulative effect of modern publicity—of tabloid news pictures, of movies and of radio—is to strip a public man to his true proportions, to intensify his leadership, but only if it is true and manly, to multiply the force of his personality, but only if it springs from his inborn gifts, and is not the fiction of press writers and party managers. Time was when a legend was easy to create and not difficult to maintain. In the days of Webster, Sumner, Jackson, Calhoun and many other alleged giants, the imagination of a people received full vent. Except to the few who might know, hear or see the great public man, his voice might be straight from Olympus, his figure that of a god and his personality that of a Caesar. But the modern candidate on the air will be a candidate in the home, stood up there for intimate scrutiny, to be appraised by the cold eye of hum-drum and common sense. He will be a great man indeed who can win his way to confidence and leadership at the firesides of American homes.

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WEEK BY WEEK

PERHAPS the most interesting part of the excellent despatches regarding Mexico sent to the London Daily Express by Mr. J. W. T. Mason is his analysis of the efforts now being made to effect a religious peace. That brutal and utterly unjustifiable persecution has been and still is in progress is a fact which nobody can ignore, and which Mr. Mason certainly did not conceal; but the Church in Mexico will not seek vengeance, nor set out to repay blow with blow. Its clear aim is and must be the restoration of right as the dominant influence in the relations between religion and government. This involves, ultimately, abrogation of constitutional clauses which render the free exercise of conscience impossible; but for the present it would be ready to accept a modus vivendi. Mr. Mason describes having "learned in Mexico City that definite peace negotiations are now taking form." He believes that President Calles's assertion that "the Mexican government does not wish to control the internal organization of the Church" is a definite step in the direction of conciliatory negotiations, and that the argument concerning registration of the clergy (usually considered the chief point at issue) is being modified by most representatives of the government. On the other hand, Bishop Pascual Diaz, leader of the Mexican hierarchy, has declared time and time again that Catholics will make only such demands as are commensurate with "social justice" and a "sincere respect for religion."

WE FEEL that there exists a greater readiness to bring the frightful Mexican situation to a close than could have been found a year ago. The reasons why this is so seem to be, however, economic and social facts rather than any change of heart in so far as the agents of radicalism are concerned. There exists a definite relationship between the financial plight of the country and the religious disturbances. The Mexican government and its army must depend upon financial prosperity. Therefore the stability of Calles and Obregon rests upon their success in dealing with the religious disturbances. Right here is the point which Mr. Mason illuminates far more skilfully than any American newspaper correspondent has managed to. He found out the extent and significance of the armed Catholic resistance to governmental measures, and asserted with finality that "it is impossible for the government to send enough troops into Jalisco to subdue the Roman Catholics." These have stood firmly by the program presented by the bishops to the Mexican legislature in an attempt to gain a hearing. We believe that any thoughtful American citizen who reads that program and compares it with the Calles pronunciamento will stand with them. Unfortunately, Americans are either afraid or unwilling to read much of anything dealing with the subject.

M. POINCARÉ'S victory does not, it would appear, indicate anything like the swift ebbing of life from the communist party. The number of voters who desire to establish a proletariat government by force seems to be no smaller than it was four years ago. How much effect a few more seasons of hard work by the reigning premier may have remains to be seen. Meanwhile the economic position of France is commented upon diversely. It is interesting to see that the opinion of the Viscount Georges d'Avenel, one of the foremost among living students of financial history, is quite optimistic. Here are some of the conclusions voiced in his recent book: On the whole, Frenchmen do not seem to be crushed beyond measure by the war, because they are consuming as much of produce now as they did in 1913; the general status of the workingman has improved in so far as lodging and food are concerned; and there is reason for believing that the fall of the franc on the exchange aided the process of readjustment. On the other hand, there is a notable decrease in fixed and floating capital, the difference in the case of the second being nearly one-third. The Viscount believes that here the losses suffered have been borne, in large measure, by the very rich. In so far as the middle class is concerned, he notices that a considerable curtailment of expenditures has followed the war, in contrast to the more ample working budgets of the laboring population. His analysis may not be correct in every detail, but it invites more confidence than any similar report we have seen.

FIVE New Jersey women vs. the United States Radium Corporation is a case in which we confess to taking a deep interest. These women were poisoned

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while painting dials on watches, and have brought suit for damages in the hope of obtaining sufficient money to pave the way for the rest of their doomed lives. It seems clear to us that, under the circumstances, the Corporation's responsibility is evident, and that the plea put forward by the dying victims is absolutely right. These points are not debated by the company. Instead recourse is taken to the New Jersey statute of limitations, under which an action for damages of the kind in question here cannot be brought if two years have elapsed since the inception of the injury. Counsel for the women parried by seeking an injunction restraining the Corporation from appealing to the statute. But so cleverly have the defense lawyers maneuvered that though the bill was filed in the Court of Chancery during July of last year, no hearing is in sight until next September. Thus the purpose for which the suit is being brought is gradually dwindling away. Every day spent by the women in question waiting for justice brings them so much nearer to their imminent death. However plausibly the legal technicalities involved may be explained, wrong is steadily winning out over right. To express disgust at such procedure is the mildest form of comment in which a citizen can indulge. Who can have faith in the majesty of the courts when these allow themselves to be chirruped away from their business and their duty in such deplorable fashion as this?

INVESTIGATIONS are apt to assume epidemic proportions with the advent of national elections. The latest inquiry, bearing the stamp of senatorial approval, seeks to determine if presidential nominations are being corruptly bought. Needless to say, nothing startling will be unearthed. The pity is that political baiters, perpetually and spectacularly fighting windmills, have been able to make their wild accusations plausible to the point of provoking action. Out of the questioning of Senators Borah, Norris, George and other hopeful but frugal candidates, the American public can at least derive a certain comedy. Perhaps, however, the entertainment is too costly in time and money for balanced proportion. Furthermore the senatorial investigation as an institution has grown into such sad disrepute that a large section of opinion is convinced beforehand of its futility. For this unfortunate situation, for the general impatience with such procedure, for even the apathy of the public toward what the upper house brings to light, the Senators themselves are largely responsible. Elimination of political maneuvering, of sensational promises that are never fulfilled, of brow-beating witnesses, of tangential and inconsequential accusations, will go a long way to restore some measure of public confidence.

TO THOSE who may wonder a little at the predominatingly theoretical tone of the report issued by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ on the status of bituminous coal, it may be said that the document is based upon accumulated evidence rather than upon data freshly gathered. So much discussion and study have grown up around the industry that an attempt to delve for new material would be futile. The sponsors of the report very sensibly realized this fact and set to work organizing available information in a spirit of fidelity to ethical principles and economic facts. They found that the industry was "seriously undeveloped, with more mines and more labor than the demand justified, divided into sharply competitive fields, and subject to influences that tend to limit its market"; that there is need of "whole-hearted coöperation between operators and mine workers that will discount temporary financial sacrifices, in the interest of the permanent improvement of the industry"; that the unions should have public support in unionizing the non-union fields; that, in so far as eviction is concerned, "the sound principle is that domicile should be independent of employment"; and that "the point is that the Jacksonville Agreement had the same significance that wage contracts have admittedly had in the coal industry for thirty years." It says frankly, however, that agreements cannot, in the long run, be carried out unless they are in harmony with clear economic facts. The whole report is patently arbitral in character, expressing the effort to set in relief the moral issues involved. Actuated as it is by a sensible regard for facts and principles rather than by any kind of hysterical enthusiasm for something or other, the document deserves a careful reading.

NO ONE is unaware, these days, of the complexities of law enforcement. It is exceedingly difficult for the bystander to be sure that constitutional principles are being violated in any given instance. Flagrant abuses —particularly those indulged in by the police—are, however, evident to all who become the victims of circumstance. The Commonweal has protested more than once against the blundering violence of some officer more conscious of his function and personal importance than of the fact that he is only a servant of the public. Obviously these and similar criticisms cannot be hoisted without further ado into the status of general conclusions. They must provoke the proper authorities into making a conscientious and effective investigation. In this spirit the Association of the Bar of the City of New York has brought the whole matter to the attention of the State Crime Commission. Summing up the number of complaints advanced against the police, the Association declares: "From our aggregate experience and from such information as we have been able to acquire in our study of present conditions, we are of the opinion that many of these accusations are well founded." It believes, as a matter of course, that mere data-gathering will not solve the problem. There must accompany this a careful study of present conditions in law enforcement and a judicious attempt to correlate principle with contemporary necessities. We trust that the recommendation will be followed by prompt action.

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THANKFULNESS for small mercies is something that will never be made matter of derision by us. But when an executive of the body more than any other responsible for the constitutional amendment which is driving a major part of the country to law-breaking tells his hearers that greater merit attaches to the drinker who votes dry than to the total abstainer who votes wet, we conclude that the whole flimsy sub-structure of the prohibition movement is henceforth laid bare, and that future comment becomes an anticlimax. For one thing, at least, we are thankful to Dr. F. Scott McBride, who seems to have imagined he was giving the Woman's International Missionary Federation good news when he coined the paradox just referred to. His statement admits, and for the first time so far as we can remember, that there are a proportion of our citizenry who have no love whatever for alcoholic ferments of any description—who would, without a qualm, see them banished from our midst, if such a thing could be accomplished by general consent—but who have sufficient love for personal liberty and dignity to refuse to lend their countenance to any legislation obtained by stealth and terrorism, no matter what improvements in civic life it claims to have brought about. Those neither blinded by prejudice nor drunk with suddenly acquired power have always known these men and women existed—have numbered them among their acquaintance, and are used to hearing the most stringent arguments against the new sumptuary legislation coming from their lips. Now an admission of their reality reaches us from the quarter most interested in blinking facts. We fancy it is from them that correction is coming for a measure which, for one throat it has dried, has open a hundred drowsy eyes, and of whose power to create perverted reasoning the incident speaks too loudly for any statistics to drown.

THE most interesting thing about the 1927 Report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is not the fact that more than one million dollars was contributed by Catholics in the United States, but the list of places to which the money has been dispatched. Few people think of Europe as being a missionary country, and yet considerable sums were given to clergy not only in Scandinavian countries but also in the German diaspora dioceses. In all the Balkan countries, too, there are missionaries grateful for assistance given. The great bulk of allocations went, of course, to India and China, now the greatest fields of apostolic endeavor. Practically all groups of secular and religious clergy are at work in these countries, even now when circumstances are clouded by wars and other disturbances. A very genuine poetry underlies the bald statement that 71,230 lire were dispatched to the Franciscans at Wuchang, and that the Marists in New Hebrides were given three times that amount. Who does not visualize, along all this hampered, far-flung frontier, the soldiers of the apostolic army, reaching out for the rations upon which their strength and achievement must depend, because of the barriers imbedded in the world? Let us hope that the faithful of Altoona, and Crookston, and Peoria—of all the towns from which this stipend has been accumulated—will never lose sight of this vision and opportunity.

SINCE the days when Saint John the Baptist told the Roman legionaries who resorted to him to be "content with their pay," in other words, with their rank, promotion in armies has been a burning question with all men who devote their manhood and mortgage their future to the profession of arms. The matter becomes especially urgent when a big war is followed by what looks like an indefinite period of peace, and in an army like our own, where a small contingent of professional soldiers has been swamped by a levée en masse of citizenry of fighting age. It is inevitable that such a process shall awaken a taste for army life in many a young man who, under ordinary circumstances, might have remained unconscious of it or smothered his ambitions beneath the humdrum of civil life, and who, should he elect to follow his impulses and remain in uniform, finds the old system of promotion by seniority taking scant heed of his merits.

THAT handful of historians who have cared to write about the old American army have told us how, in the days immediately succeeding the Civil War, it was possible to find officers of proved executive ability, who had commanded brigades in the field two years before, performing company duty with company pay in remote stations, with a brevet rank for their sole consolation. The new Wainwright-McSwain bill which aims at a rectification of the promotion in the interests of the new officers, and a general quickening-up by shortening the terms of service in junior ranks, seems a step in the right direction, though it is too much to hope that its provisions will remove grievances in individual cases. The root of the trouble in this, and perhaps now in other countries, is a lack of correlation between civil and military life. We inherit a system of promotion through seniority, which corrected promotion through political influence and worked rough justice in days when the American army was a class apart, busied with routine duties. Today, when the development of scientific soldiering is calling for, and discovering, special aptitudes with which length of service has little to do, seniority appears to many an obstacle if not an anachronism. How to meet the situation without working injustice to men who may be very good soldiers, even though inapt for continuous promotion to the highest ranks, is one which may well task what the Times terms "the intellect and temper of Congress," before the problem is satisfactorily solved.

AUSTRALIA is a continent beside whose newness and rawness the United States can boast an antiquity quite venerable. But prejudices that were once listed as common decencies seem to persist among its people

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to an extent that, we fear, will be found distasteful by that growing section of our intellectuals whose spiritual home is Harlem. A despatch in a recent number of Variety, a snappy weekly to which The Commonweal means to pay more attention in future, informs us that, for reasons which the Labor Department "down under" seems to consider good and sufficient, colored vaudeville and dramatic artists are henceforth barred from landing on or pursuing their avocation in Australian territory. To be quite frank, the decision has been taken on other than aesthetic grounds. What has happened is that a particularly vile scandal, associated with the stay of one of the most popular of the Afro-American troupes in Melbourne, has been unearthed in Melbourne by smart police work, the indignation aroused by its exposure becoming so intense that strong police squads were necessary to protect the dusky artists from popular vengeance as they were shipped on a home-bound liner at Sydney.

WHILE congratulating our Polynesian brothers on their liberation henceforth from that form of entertainment which consists in syncopating the snarls, groans and whines of the Congo to the beat of the voodoo drum, we are by no means sure that patrons of art for art's sake will be content to leave the matter where it stands. Sonthonax, the terrible Revolutionary commissioner who worked the ruin of Santo Domingo 130 years ago, was fond of telling the indignant planters that there was "nothing white about him but his skin." We are confident that, among the advocates at home of self-expression through abandonment, a contingent is to be found who can in all sincerity echo the boast, and who, at the cost of a little training, a little black grease-paint and an ocean voyage, will see to it that the newest and liveliest of the lively arts does not perish from the Antipodes.

TYRANNY IN TYROL

MR. JOHN ELLIOTT'S despatches from South Tyrol, as printed by the New York Herald Tribune, are our choice for some hypothetical prize to be awarded a foreign correspondent for news of major concern to men of good-will. The situation he describes, though well known in substance, is veritably astounding to anyone who likes to feel that the world is gradually regaining its self-respect. In Tyrol the emissaries of Italian nationalism are attempting to change the nature of a people by means of "thorough" methods which, one fancied, had gone out of style in western Europe simultaneously with the surrender by England of its Irish bludgeoning. The expression of public opinion is impossible there. Little by little the native German tongue has been extracted from the schools, leaving a dense layer of Italian on childish Tyrolean tongues. All business—private as well as public—must be conducted in the diction of Mussolini. And in order that this and much besides may be fulfilled, threats of imprisonment, exile and extortion are carried out to the letter.

"Language," Mr. Elliott reports, "is not the only thing Teutonic proscribed. Some of the Fascist podestas, with true Wentworthian thoroughness, have set out to make the towns which they govern look as much as possible like the Italian villages in which they were born. In Brixen, for example, the lovely shade trees that once lined and adorned the cathedral close have been hewed down. The podesta considered that they were an uncomfortable reminder that he was living in an alien village and so ordered them taken out of his sight." No doubt a mind as completely warped as this action indicates could easily devise other triumphs. Mr. Elliott outlines one: "Just before Dr. Kroews left for his new charge in Kaltern [Dr. Kroews was the Catholic pastor in Meran] he received a letter from the Italian podesta in that town. 'We are coming to meet you at the station with a brass band to give you an official welcome, but you must address us afterward in Italian at the church.' Dr. Kroews declined the reception. He knew perfectly well that if he accepted, not a single one of his German parishioners would ever darken the threshold of his church." The number of similar exploits is legion.

Who made possible this rabid farce? The origin must be seen in the treaty of St. Germain, which engineered the dismemberment of Austria and was incidentally a wholesale series of concessions to all that was evil in the Allied cause. The late President Wilson is authoritatively reported as having "deplored" the handing over of South Tyrol as a "grave mistake." But his hands were tied, and besides this little parcel of mountain country looked very like a trifle beside the more mastodonic enterprises of the era. To the Austrians, however, the fourteen points enunciated by our President never were bubbles light as air, and had their importance as forces which impelled the Austro-Hungarian empire to sue, a little precipitately, for peace. It is therefore natural that many of the people involved should expect some kind of action on the part of the United States—some wave of public opinion calculated to right at least a few of the existing wrongs.

Unfortunately American protests against nationalistic obsessions in Europe lose considerable of their effectiveness through constant reiteration. It is likewise difficult to act as intermediary in continental affairs, unless one resorts to the expedient of shutting off an offending government from the financial current. What happens in all such cases as this, one wonders, to the League of Nations? The treaty of St. Germain did not, it is true, safeguard the rights of the appropriated Tyrolese minority. These were turned over in a lump to Italy, which at that time prided itself upon having a "liberal" tradition. The people of the land for which Andreas Hofer once fought are thus minus a substantial prop in international law. Even so, the modern world does respect, in spite of orations to the contrary, the might of public opinion. For this

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reason one hopes that Mr. Elliott's articles will be read and meditated upon widely.

Obviously a Catholic has an especial motive for being interested in the Tyrol situation. Admittedly there is no religious strife, no oppression for the sake of proselytizing. But the victims in question have a clear right in Catholic tradition and law to their civic and cultural individuality. Every principle which came to the fore here in the Oregon school law case is at stake in the Tyrol. Nor can one forget that when the German rulers tried some of the same methods in Poland, then newly incorporated, it was the German Catholic hierarchy and people who protested (at no small danger to themselves) against the wrong. All understand that under existing circumstances it is quite impossible for the Italian bishops or their flocks to follow suit. So much more reason exists, therefore, for hoping that American Catholics will join in a vigorous corporate denunciation of a policy which is harming even Italy itself very deeply. Mussolini's speeches, however many dozens of them may be delivered, cannot alter the fact that the political, moral and economic isolation of a people leads ultimately to suicide.

GOOD MEN AND TRUE

ANNUAL meetings of the New York Bar Association seldom fail to produce the airing of very vital and urgent judicial matter. It is not belittling the importance of similar bodies in other parts of the country to recognize that the complexity of life in the empire state, the heterogeneous nature of its population and the existence in our largest city of an energetic and "over-written" press, not only make us keenly conscious of each contemporary problem as it arises, but, in a fashion, project a light upon problems that may arise as a similar complexity overtakes other sections of our country.

The New York Bar Association, whose membership roll proves it to be an organization of our professional élite, meets this year under conditions peculiarly apt to depress the judicial mind. Within the past twelve months the ineffectiveness of the law, as present codes frame it, to punish swiftly and impersonally has received more than one glaring illustration. The power of technicalities, unscrupulously handled, to emasculate its function, the effrontery with which powerful and wealthy interests may dare the weapon of contempt, the spectacle of men actually under sentence left free to pursue their ordinary avocations with no apparent loss in popular esteem, and with nothing more serious than the prospect of some vague and distant appeal to disturb their complacency, has been offered the law-abiding public, until the question whether a rich man can ever be brought to justice under present conditions has passed from being the dynamite of the socially disgruntled and become a topic of comment in some of our most respectable organs of opinion. At the other end of the social scale we have seen beneficiaries of a suspended sentence, nay, of a whole series of suspended sentences, so little deserving of judicial leniency that a violent death in the actual commission of fresh crime has overtaken them with the old penalties hanging over their heads.

The real reason for such anomalies, as the New York Bar Association perceives, is not any corruption of law at law's sources, still less any failing in dignity and good intention of the men who sit upon our bench, but the plain fact that the law as we have inherited it from our fathers, did not, because it could not, provide for conditions unforeseen at the time the code was drawn up. "There are fundamental difficulties," declared Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, in his presidential address to the Association, "arising from social conditions which lie beyond the reach of corrective means within our power. These difficulties are so serious that some are inclined to be cynically indifferent to all proposals for improvement, while others are looking for direct roads to the moon."

Among these difficulties, no one will be surprised to find our present jury system occupying a prominent place. It is the strange destiny of this system, as the president of the Bar Association did not fail to point out, to be, at one and the same time, regarded as a fair target for criticism and as a shield of public liberties. For one section of thought the anachronism of its persistence lies at the root of the failures of justice that shock the public conscience. By another its lowering one inch to allow of invasions by the judiciary branch in the interests of speed and effectiveness is regarded with abhorrence. "On the one side [so Mr. Hughes epigrammatically puts the case] we see a strong effort to escape the jury, and on the other side an equal determination to escape the judge."

Dilemmas (and this has all the air of being one of the first order) are awkward things. But they have one happy property. They are seldom left "en permanence." Sooner or later the common sense of a civilized and, on the whole, well-intentioned community, to say nothing of the necessity of "carrying on," may be trusted to dispose of them. The defect of the jury system does not lie in the provision that leaves the fate of a defendant in the hands of "his peers." It resides fairly and squarely in the fact that under present conditions the character and mental growth of the twelve men selected at haphazard to this sudden eminence may be a grotesque commentary on the old legal phrase. The institution of a special category of our citizenry, not necessarily of legal training nor chosen for social prominence, but sagacious enough to pierce the technical dust a smart counsel can throw in their eyes, and tough-minded enough not to fear handling the weapon the law puts into their hands, may seem a far-away prospect. But it is toward some such conclusion that we must move unless we are prepared to see some overwhelming illustration of its futility administer to the entire system of trial by jury a blow we do not care to contemplate.

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THE ARBITER OF EUROPE

By CARL SCHMITT

(The following is the translation of a paper by Professor Carl Schmitt, who is one of the foremost among German contemporary students of political economy.—The Editors.)

THE terms "League of Nations" and "Europe" refer to hotly discussed concepts that are in great measure problematical. Public opinion alters its evaluation of, as well as its interest in, both so frequently, that it is difficult to arrive at a clear notion of either. Even when one disregards this veering of the public mind, it remains a baffling task to define either concept. The League of Nations has, one concedes, found organic realization at Geneva. But the spectacle of the existing League does not reveal a definitive structure either in the organization of its two most important institutions (the Assembly and the Council) nor in the character of its methods and sanctions. Primarily for the reason that the League is neither able in practice nor obliged in principle to concern itself with all circumstances having a bearing upon world peace, it leaves all the truly vital political problems unsettled. According to its constitution the League can do everything; but it is not obliged to do anything. From a practical political point of view, it is today nothing more than a system providing opportunities for conferences, and an international bureau, the General Secretariat. Its principal achievement consists in promoting an atmosphere of mutual understanding and readiness to negotiate. That may mean a great deal or very little. A final, concrete estimate is, at any rate, out of the question.

It is still more difficult at present to visualize clearly the meaning of the word "Europe." There are so many projects and ideas afoot that it is hard to form even a definite impression of European geographical boundaries. Does England belong to Europe, or does it form (with its dominions and colonies) an empire which cannot be attached to Europe without causing injury? Is Spain part of Europe, or is it more closely associated with Latin America than with Germany or the Scandinavian countries? Is Russia European, and is it correct to distinguish between the mainland of the Slavic peoples and the western Slavic districts? Shall France, aided by its colonial and military strength, assume supreme control? Is not a growing indebtedness binding Germany to the United States rather than to any of its immediate neighbors? Or does the whole problem of Europe reduce itself ultimately to a matter of Franco-German conciliation, perhaps even to the formation of an "industrial alliance" comprising western Germany, northern and eastern France, Belgium and Luxemburg? All these are open questions. I call them to mind merely in order to show the manifold meanings of the concept, "Europe."

Here, then, are two problematical ideas—"Europe" and "League of Nations." Placing them side by side does not explain either, but tends rather to confuse both. They must be reckoned with seriously, however, as possibilities and problems. Each indicates a general situation, affecting individual nations whether they will or no. We may term it characteristic of the contemporary historical epoch that all traditional political powers are now being radically re-aligned, and that new formations of states and federations of states on an enormous scale are in the making. Our interest in the twin concepts—"Europe" and "League"—has its origin in the fact that they indicate such possible new formations. A country like Germany, which is situated at the confluence of all conflicting forces and currents, is geographically, historically and theoretically the scene of political revolution.

But if the League and Europe are two points of orientation for the great national re-alignments of the present era, one question naturally arises: What is the relation between the political system of the League and a conceivable unification of the European states? Many enthusiastic friends of world peace seem to believe that both questions must be answered in the affirmative. For them the Geneva organization is a means for the attainment of peace; and since the unification of Europe would likewise be such a means, both—League and Europe—can be fused into one ideal conception. It seems improbable, however, that two great political systems and gigantic organizations, existing in parallel, should be serving precisely the same purpose. As a matter of fact, opinions concerning the relationship between Europe and the League differ most widely. The sponsors of the pan-Europa movement hope that the Geneva League is already now a genuinely European organization. They call attention to the fact that the League busies itself almost exclusively with European conditions and events; that therefore the non-European members have rapidly lost their interest in Geneva; that Brazil withdrew from the League in 1926, when Germany entered the Council; and that in all probability other non-European nations will follow suit, so that the pan-European problem will be solved by simple subtraction when only a unified Europe attends the sessions of the League. On the other hand, diligent supporters of the League have characterized the autumn of 1926 as "critical," precisely because they held that Europeanization of the League threatened to undermine its universality. This was the point of view taken by Georges Scelle, the well-known jurist and internationalist. At any rate, it is obvious that the various continents have distinct interests in the League. Except for Japan, European and American states are most directly envisaged. Eighteen American nations—one-third of the total

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number—are members. The United States, leading power on the American continent, and Mexico are missing.

As things are today, the problem of the relation between Europe and the League is first of all the problem of the relation between the League and America. Because of the overwhelming industrial and political significance of the United States, the problem becomes primarily a question of the relationship existing between the League and the United States. Superficially viewed, the problem seems non-existent. The United States declined to sign the treaty of Versailles. It concluded the separate peace of 1921 with Germany, and has not entered the League. Even the effort to win its adherence to the World Court has failed. On the surface, therefore, the attitude of the United States is negative, emphatically so. But we shall see that here, as in other matters of moment to Europe, the United States is a participant in a less direct but no less effective and intensive manner. This unique blend of official absence and effective presence characterizes the relations existing between the United States and the League-Europe realities.

To the League there belongs an array of American states which are termed "sovereign" for various reasons, but which are dependent upon the United States, and the foreign policies of which are subject to the "control" of the United States. Countries like Cuba, Haiti, San Domingo and Nicaragua are members of the League and may even become members of the League Council. Nevertheless they are dependent upon the United States not only industrially and factually, but also by reason of treaty stipulations. Agreements like those signed between the United States and Cuba on May 22, 1920, or with Panama on November 18, 1903, are typical of the modern form of state control. They are intervention treaties, because political control and power are made to depend upon the right to intervene. The controlling state may, as it sees fit, interfere in the business of the other state, to protect independence or private property, to preserve order and security, or to accomplish other things; and its right to interfere is secured by naval or coaling stations, military occupation and so forth. We are not concerned here with the details of this modern method of rule and control. But it is clear that a state so controlled is anything else but an independent, sovereign state which decides as it will about such matters as independence and public order. The American states we have named belong to the political system of the United States, by reason of international agreements legally entered into. If they become members of the League, the result is that, side by side with the British empire, another political system enters the Geneva picture. And it enters in unique fashion: these controlled states are present at Geneva, but the state in control is absent.

The structure of the League is determined by America for still another reason. By Article 21 of its constitution, the League is expressly rendered subject to the Monroe Doctrine. The article stipulates that the Monroe Doctrine is not "incompatible" with the constitution of the League. Whether this assertion be true is one question. Its practical meaning is that the Monroe Doctrine, with all its far-reaching implications, takes precedence over the League constitution. It means that the League declines every possible form of interference in the realm of American states. For it is the first principle of the Doctrine that no kind of participation by a European state or system (which in practice means the extra-American world) in the affairs of the American continent is permissible. The interpretation of this complex Doctrine and its application to concrete cases is entirely in the hands of the United States. In so far as relations between an American state and another American state, or with countries outside America, are concerned, the League is without power or influence. On this side, one may say, the League is lame. Meanwhile it is self-evident that the rights of the American states which are members of the League are the same as those of other member nations. That is: the decisions of the League are influenced by the participation of American states in its deliberations, but its own influence upon American conditions is ruled out completely. The United States is not present at Geneva; but since the Monroe Doctrine and other American states are present there, it is not absent in fact.

This blend of absence and presence is not at all a curious accident. It is not explained by the personal character of President Wilson or by other peripheral circumstances. It is deeply rooted in the nature of contemporary European conditions as a whole, and comes to the surface whenever an important problem is raised. Every attentive observer must be impressed with the fact that the United States takes a decisive part in regulating the problem of German reparations, even though it preserves, externally, an attitude of extreme reserve. There is no American member of the Reparations Commission. The London protocol, in which the present regulation of reparations payments is outlined on the basis of the so-called Dawes plan, rests upon agreements between Germany and the Reparations Commission. In addition to the nations officially constituting it, other powers—for instance, Greece and Japan—are signatories. But in the preamble it is stipulated that the United States shares in the agreement "through representatives having clearly defined powers." Similarly, the United States had a part in the Paris treaty of January 14, 1925, in which the interested powers reached an agreement regarding the division of annuities. The singular and impressive thing about all this is the fact that in every decisive—that is, every political—moment in the execution of the Dawes plan, an "American citizen" appears. Whenever the Reparations Commission meets to decide a question raised in connection with reparations, a citizen of the United States takes part in the deliberations

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and has the right to vote. He is a "citizen" of the United States, but not its official representative. He is appointed by the unanimous vote of the Reparations Commission or (possibly) by the president of the Permanent International Tribunal at the Hague, but not by the United States government.

When there is question of determining a failure to carry out the reparations obligations—which, because it involves determining the dependability of the sanctions upon which the whole agreement rests, is the essentially political act of the reparations policy—a "citizen of the United States" again makes his appearance. The article of the Versailles treaty which treats of the right of sanction (made famous through the occupation of the Ruhr valley) is modified but by no means superseded by the London protocol. According to the protocol, it is the business of the Reparations Commission to inquire into every demand to determine German default; but in case of necessity, any member of the Commission can appeal to a court of arbitration, the president of which must always be an American citizen. And so on. This unique rôle assumed by an American citizen, who is not official and yet not merely private, is a symptom and a symbol. From the German point of view, the introduction of this "citizen" creates the possibility for a more equitable decision than could be expected from the European members of the Commission—that is, from European governments.

That the most important of post-war problems—reparations and inter-Allied debts—cannot be regulated without the coöperation of the United States is a fact which explains itself. Furthermore, United States effort, dictated by the Monroe Doctrine, to avoid all participation in the political affairs of Europe, can be accounted for by a reference to the principle expressed in that Doctrine. But the industrial problems of contemporary Europe necessarily have a political significance, and so the United States cannot maintain a real absence from Europe. The result is that blend of presence and absence which now characterizes the relation between the League and America as it does the relation between Europe and America. The cause is deeply rooted in the present structure of Europe and has, to the instructed onlooker, a very obvious historical-political character.

The United States decided who was to win the world war. It participated in the Peace Conference and, already at that time, effected a series of modifications favorable to Germany. In other words, it already, then, took up a kind of arbitral position between victors and vanquished. This position it has maintained until now. It is revealed in varied methods of participation and interference in European affairs, veiled for various reasons, but creating that unique conjuncture of absence and presence which we have described. No loss of effectiveness is involved.

And so our question—"What is the relation between Europe and the League?" finds an answer. The judge of all fundamental European problems is not the League of Nations but the United States; and what the conquered peoples hope to get in the way of justice or fitness they expect not from Geneva, but from the United States. If the League has not been able to become non-partisan and to surmount the division of Europe into victors and vanquished, it is of small importance in so far as the vital universal problems of the continent are concerned. The first, unavoidable task implied in the union of European states would have to consist, inevitably, in robbing this perilous division of its fangs.

The Geneva League strives to become a universal, not a specifically European, organization. But the term "universal" has various meanings. For the most part it is conceived of as a merely spatial, territorial universality, in the sense that the League is to include all nations. Obviously such spatial universality would mean little unless a more concrete form of universality were combined with it. A trust company, an international postal union, might have spatial universality without any decisive political action or meaning. Concrete universality, however, is not identical with the fact that the League can busy itself with every circumstance affecting world peace, and refer every important political question to itself and adopt an attitude toward it. This would not yet make it more than the political instrument of a group of states bent upon struggling against other states, than the organization of the status quo of Versailles, than the power which legitimizes the spoils of war. Only when the League raises itself above the political egoism of individual powers or groups, only when (more specifically) the differentiation between victors and vanquished is so far overcome in actuality—and not merely in after-dinner speeches—that the conquered can feel they are being dealt with justly, can one speak of genuine universality at Geneva. In so far as European states and their affairs are concerned, this universality is still so remote that the presence of non-European, specifically American, states in the League is considered a pledge of justice. In so far as the United States is concerned, its blending presence and absence likewise constitute a guarantee of neutrality.

The League is in no sense a universal union. It does not, however, thereby, immediately become European. Its connection with peace treaties from Versailles to Neuilly is too intimate for that. The vanquished powers specified in these treaties are, it is true, all European powers. The content of the peace agreements is, therefore, applicable almost entirely to Europe and involves no regulation of world peace—that is, the peace of the whole world, a universal political order. The fact that the constitution of the League was referred to as the basis of all the treaties in question does not alter the situation. These are not world peace agreements. For the world war was not in essence all that its name implies. It was not world-embracing in anything like the same way that a struggle

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in which the Anglo-Saxon countries were arrayed on one side, and a coalition of Russia, Japan and China on the other side, would be. It was not, in short, a world war in the same sense that the Napoleonic wars were European. The coalition against Napoleon embraced all Europe. Both sides were politically and economically intertwined; the war involved the whole continent; and its conclusion was therefore a European peace. At the Congress of Vienna, a settlement of European affairs was arrived at which can be termed a systematic ordering of Europe, and the political guarantee of which—the Holy Alliance—achieved a unification of Europe far more actually than has the League.

The fate of the Holy Alliance, the one plan for the unification of Europe to have appeared during recent centuries, shows us better than any theoretical examination could what difficulties are involved in the problem. The Holy Alliance immediately unified the opposition forces. The Monroe Doctrine, proclaimed (with the consent of England) in 1823, was created to offset the Holy Alliance and really did unify the American continent before this had been fully colonized and settled. Indeed, from the political point of view, the unification of Europe would be an unparalleled event. It would be far more remarkable than was the unification of Germany during the nineteenth century, of which one must say that in spite of generations spent in preparation—in spite of struggles for freedom and a national revolution, it was achieved only by reason of the genius of one man and the aid of fortunate circumstances. Statesmen of the period, primarily Bismarck himself, were quite conscious of how extraordinary the event was, and not one dreamed that it could be carried through without incurring the risk of dangerous enmities, perilous wars and imponderable effects upon foreign policy. Seen from this angle, the war of 1914 was merely a consequence of the political unification of Germany. A political unification of Europe would, by comparison, be a veritable miracle. If this "Europe" is to be not merely a harmless ornament but a political unit—that is, permanent, able to act, independent of changing industrial circumstances—then it will be nothing less than a world power. Its mere existence would engender new unions of friends and foes; and we should have to see if the existing world powers, especially the Anglo-Saxon empire, would find it to their interest to countenance this new political alignment. However all this may be, the Geneva League can never be the means by which such a political unification could be effected. It exists to guarantee the political independence and sovereignty of existing states. Indeed, if serious efforts to promote European unity should be undertaken, the League would probably constitute a serious obstacle. From this point of view, therefore, the League does not look at all like a "European organization."

Our findings are, it must be admitted, largely negative. Though the League is concerned primarily with European circumstances, it is neither the expression of pan-European self-determination nor in any especial manner the arbiter of those European questions—reparations or inter-Allied debts—which are most vital to the present era. These it not only cannot regulate but actually does not wish to regulate. Of course the League is associated with peace in the minds and hearts of many; it is a centre for the Second International; and it has, in spite of the political questions which engross its more important members, a basis in moral consciousness. Perhaps the Geneva League will some day prevent the outbreak of a European war and so render a most valuable service. But that would not yet solve our tremendous European problems. The pacification of the continent—not to speak of its unification—is hampered as much as it is promoted by the League, owing to the permanence of the treaties upon which the existing peace is based. Differentiation between victors and vanquished, between armed and disarmed nations, between states controlled and not controlled, occupied and free, threatened with "sanctions" and endowed with "security," created fundamental cleavages which Geneva does not bridge over. This conclusion may be negative, but it is certainly not valueless. Every illusion abandoned constitutes an advance.

Yankee Captain

He bows his head at Sunday prayer,
  Deep voiced booms each reply;
His hymns roll through the Sabbath air,
  Rebound against the sky.
New Bedford born, New England bred,
  Copper faced, sedate—
Six foot of man from boots to head,
  Taking religion straight.

The service done he slowly moves,
  Among the Sabbath throng;
His face a placid field of grooves,
  His rhythmic stride, a song.
He lifts his cap, he shakes a hand,
  His Bible 'neath his arm—
He talks about his last command
  With modesty and charm.

He thrills the ladies with his tale
  Of splendors far away:
They never saw him crowding sail
  A blustering winter's day.
No one can curse with half his vim,
  Or drive a drunken crew;
There lives no runner-up to him
  In putting clippers through.

The hands he folds in sacred prayer
  Are fists in hostile water;
The voice that swells the Sabbath air
  Is husky now for slaughter.
The peaceful stride of Sunday's past,
  Takes on a different motion,
And altar style before the mast
  Is hell in open ocean.

ROBERT NORMILE ROSE.

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HOW CATHOLICS SEE PROTESTANTS

II. VARYING VIEWS ON CHURCH AND STATE

By J. ELLIOT ROSS

(This is the second of two articles written for The Commonweal by Father Ross as a sequel to his earlier paper, How Protestants See Us.—The Editors.)

AFTER formulating the principle of the separation of church and state, an effort was made to discover how far this group's conception of this principle was accepted by Protestants, and how far both groups lived up to this principle. Various members of the group undertook to read certain books and magazines searching for an expression of views on the question. The result was what might have been expected—that Protestants are not a unit. This difference is brought out quite clearly in a book published by The Inquiry, and called, Why the Church?

There is the view expressed by Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of England, in an address to the clergy in Cardiff, 1916:

> It seems to me to be the sphere of influence of the churches, not to support particular parties, not to advocate particular measures of reform, but to create an atmosphere in which it will be impossible for anybody to remain a ruler of the realm unless he deals with those social problems. . . . The first thing we have got to do is to create a temper, a spirit, an atmosphere, that will compel men of all parties to deal with these problems, whichever party is in power for the time being. The responsibility of the churches is this: The churches of Christ in this land guide, control and direct the conscience of the community. No interest, however great it may be, can long withstand the resolute united opposition of the churches. Public opinion in this land invariably responds to the call of the united churches. . . . The function of the church is not to engage in party brawls. It is not to urge any specific measure. It is to create an atmosphere in which the rulers of this country, whether in the legislature or the municipalities, not only can engage in reforming these dire evils, but in which it will be impossible not to do so.

Archdeacon William Cunningham rather deplores so much of political activity as would be necessary to create an atmosphere. He writes in Christianity and Politics:

> It is specially to be feared that the Christian minister who feels called upon to use the pulpit for political agitation, is going outside the terms of his commission; he has a trust imposed upon him, and it is his duty to declare the eternal truth which has been revealed to man by Our Lord. But in connection with the passing of any legislation the questions which arise are chiefly matters of expediency and of forecasting the probable results of the measure. These are at best matters of opinion. The preacher's opinion may be a good opinion, or it may be a mistaken opinion, but it has no pretensions whatever to be a declaration of divine truth.

And there are many individuals in other Protestant churches who agree with the official position of Lutherans in this country that

> the Lutheran Church holds that it is not for the church as an organization to propose laws, or to turn aside from its work of preaching the Word of God to undertake the promotion of righteousness by the arm of the civil power. Civil government is of God's ordinance as truly as is the church; to each He has assigned its own proper work. The church may not intrude itself upon the domain of the state, precisely as the church cannot suffer the state to interfere with its internal affairs. (Minutes of the Third Biennial Convention of the United Lutheran Church in America.)

Contrasted with this attitude, however, is the view of the Episcopal Synod Conference held at Atlantic City in 1924:

> The Conference would affirm its conviction that the business of the church embraces the whole scope of life. And inasmuch as legislation registers the focusing and formulation of public opinion with respect to social needs, it is the business of the church to see to it that, as far as it has influence, such legislation should have a Christian soul. Therefore, when any question arises with definite bearing upon the moral or spiritual welfare of the community, the church as a corporate body should give active support to the best concrete proposals tending to promote social welfare. As illustrating the kind of proposals which should enlist this corporate support, we would cite the Permanent Court for the Adjustment of International Disputes and any worthy measures looking toward improvement in the equipment and conduct of our state and county institutions.

The Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches, thinks that the Protestant church agencies which aggressively participate in political conflicts are the exception, not the rule, and that "any behavior of this sort is deprecated by the general body of Protestants." But he goes on to add:

> Not that they believe conflicts of this nature to be intrinsically reprehensible. Quite contrary to Mr. Asbury's reactionary intimations, and turning his allegation end for end, I affirm the sacred duty of the Christian church, Catholic or Protestant, to intervene in any political controversies which deeply involve public morality and welfare. (The Forum, February, 1927.)

Clarence R. Athearn would have Protestant ministers do their best to influence their parishioners on political questions. In his book, Interchurch Government, he writes:

> The minister cannot fulfil his duty as a spiritual guide of individuals unless he takes upon himself the spiritual

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guidance of the community as a whole. To do this he must aid his parishioners in discerning moral issues in political activities. The politico-ethical conscience of the community must be stirred up, and that of the minister must be kept clear and sensitive. This power to discern the moral implications of political questions is of great value and is one of the chief qualifications of the true prophet. The minister must be a keen student of politics as well as of religion. He should know what the moral reaction of political policies will be. He should be prepared to take a definite stand upon specific measures. Sometimes the moral implications of political policies will lie on the surface, e.g., prohibition; but more often the moral results will be more remote and will require a more careful analysis to disclose. The American public is in great need of a clear and forceful presentation of the moral consequences of such matters as the League of Nations, the World Court and tariff legislation, laws relating to trusts and corporations, laws relating to profit-sharing and representation in industry, moral benefits from a government department of education, moral implications of the minimum wage law, workmen's insurance and child labor. It is part of a minister's duty to distinguish for his people the ethical elements in proposed laws or changes in political institutions, and to state his position not only in general but in particular on specific issues. To rise to the level of a moral view of political questions is the first duty of the Christian minister and the Christian citizen to the state—an obligation of a higher law which he is to discharge in the fear of God as a part of his repetition of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come!"

With this difference of theoretical background, it was only natural to find a difference in practice among Protestants. During the sessions of this group, the New York papers were scanned each morning for reports of political sermons, and nearly every week yielded one or more. The League of Nations, our marines in Nicaragua and Alfred Smith as a presidential candidate, were among the pulpit topics in New York Protestant churches, while, during the same period, there was no report of any political sermon in a Catholic Church. Taken generally, it was the consensus of this group that Protestants violated the conception of the separation of church and state set forth by this group more frequently and more effectively than Catholics. It was admitted that from time to time individual priests and bishops might have gone farther than was consistent with the formula of separation, but there did not seem to be anything so widespread as certain Protestant activities—those activities, for instance, in favor of the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Following the example of the Fairfield group, the Catholic group worked up a number of questions it wished to ask Protestant representatives. A High-church Anglican lawyer who has made a study of church and state, a Congregationalist minister and a prominent Presbyterian professor of theology kindly consented to appear at one meeting. Three rather diverse groups were therefore represented. The questions asked and given to them in advance were:

I. How would you formulate the American principle of separation of church and state?

II. Do you consider the following actions consistent with the American principle of separation of church and state:
   1. Preaching of sermons on political questions
      a. that have no moral bearing?
      b. that have a moral bearing, but on which religious-minded people differ?
   2. Resolutions of religious bodies on political questions, as in a and b, in 1?
   3. Statement of views in the denominational publications on political questions, as in a and b, in 1?
   4. Advocacy of election or defeat of particular candidates by any one of the means specified in 1, 2 and 3?

III. Do you consider as consistent with your formulation of the American principle of separation of church and state:
   1. The activities, and particularly the lobbying, of the Anti-saloon League?
   2. The activities and lobbying of the Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance and Public Morals?
   3. The action of certain Protestant judges in advocating the Eighteenth Amendment and securing its passage?
   4. The holding of political office by ministers who resigned their pastorates for that purpose?

IV.
   1. If the state dictates the curriculum and standards of private schools, may or should there be state subsidy for these schools?
   2. Is there discrimination against engaging Catholics as teachers in the public schools in certain districts?
   3. Is the holding of distinctly Protestant chapel services in public schools consistent with the separation of church and state?
   4. Is the reading of the Bible in public schools consistent with this principle?

The Anglican lawyer maintained that there was really no American principle of separation of church and state, for though the constitution recognized religion, it did not recognize such a thing as a church. After considerable discussion, the Congregationalist and the Presbyterian agreed that it meant freedom of worship, except when such worship was subversive of the constitution, or inimical to Christian morality, and that there should be no church established by the government, but no more. Consequently, it was consistent with this principle for ministers to preach political sermons; for church synods and other official bodies to express views on political questions; though, generally speaking, such expression should be restricted to questions having a moral bearing.

The professor of theology also distinguished between what would be appropriate at a morning service as contrasted with the evening service, and between the views of an individual minister and the official action of a church; while the Congregationalist in-

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sisted upon the right of the whole congregation or any members of it, vigorously and immediately, to oppose the minister's views.

As an example of what would be not only the right but the duty of a minister, the Presbyterian instanced the sermon of Dr. Parkhurst on commercialized vice in New York. The Congregationalist mentioned the sermon of Hopkins in a Congregational church in Newport, Rhode Island, before the Revolution, advocating the abolition of slavery. These two representatives of Protestantism thought that their view was that of the vast majority of Protestants.

In fact, the Presbyterian seemed to find it hard to conceive of a majority having the possibility of political action in its hands in a matter involving fundamental moral issues, and refraining from using it in the legitimate manner provided by law, namely, the action of citizens through the ballot. For instance he did not see how a loyal Catholic majority could refrain from embodying in legislation the views on divorce which seemed to them morally right and socially beneficial, even though their views were not the views of the minority.

The Congregationalist even went so far as to say that he was weary of the talk of the rights of minorities and thought there was not enough said of the rights of majorities. While the conscience of the minority should be respected, he thought that the rights of the majority should also be respected, and that the minority could not reasonably object to the inclusion of such religious instruction and the practice of such religious exercises as were contemplated by the founders of the republic and might be desired by the majority. Specifically, he thought that if one is to understand the spiritual foundations of American culture, one cannot ignore the contribution to literature and to thought of the English Bible. Whereupon one member of the group suggested that the Latin Mass had probably had as important cultural influence as the King James version, and by the same token the school day should be started with Mass.

A final meeting was devoted to a report from the members as to what they had gained from the discussion. The general feeling seemed to be that the Catholic conception of the separation of church and state (as represented by this group) is much stricter than the general Protestant conception, and secondly, that the Catholic practice, generally speaking, is considerably stricter. That is, Protestants act consistently with their looser interpretation of the idea.

On the whole, therefore, the group was somewhat disappointed. They felt that the previous opinions of this Catholic group were not so much prejudices as well-founded judgments of Protestant activity. And in so far as Protestants do mingle religion and politics in the ways outlined, there is bound to be friction between them and all others who think that such action is inadvisable in this country and inconsistent with the American principle of separation of church and state.

But there were also consoling elements in the situation. The clear and strong statement of the Lutherans came as a pleasant surprise. And a short written statement from the professor of theology subsequent to his oral discussion, seemed to show that he was really not as far from the position of this group as had at first appeared. He writes:

> The great majority of Protestants would, I am sure, believe that the action of the church, either through its official bodies or through the pulpit, should be confined to the enunciation of general moral principles but that individual Christians as citizens, through appropriate civic organizations, have not only the right but it is their duty to try to bring about the application of the principles of Jesus Christ to our social life as a whole. Here again I do not believe there is so much difference between us as appears. For example, the most effective way in which the Protestant church as a whole acts in social and economic questions is through the Research Department of the Federal Council and through our Social Service Commission. But in this respect we are in constant coöperation with Father John A. Ryan and the National Catholic Welfare Conference and have coöperated with him in a number of studies designed to bring Christian principles to bear upon contemporary questions which are actually, like the present coal strike, subject to political action.

The meetings of this group have at least shown this: that Catholics and Protestants can discuss calmly and dispassionately a subject as ticklish and dynamic as the relations between church and state in this country. And perhaps if more groups would follow this example, we might in time come to such an understanding each of the other, that a great deal of the present friction might be removed.

San Isidro

No bell, but blackbirds call my matin hour,
The brown loam curls before my share,
As I thank God for a plowman saint
To heed a plowman's prayer.

I do not, San Isidro, vainly ask
Angels to plow for me as once for you,
But help me drive the plowshare deep
And hold the furrow true.

I do not pray for sudden springs to gush
With welcome water from the sun-parched plain
But since on all the rain must fall,
Send us the poor man's rain.

A farmer has so many worrying things
That seem too small for him to ask of God,
To make the corn fill out the tasseling ear,
The beans round out the pod.

To make the cows give down their milk
And keep the prices fair,
But San Isidro, friend and farmer once,
Harken a plowman's prayer.

MARY AUSTIN.

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THE VOICE IN THE THEATRE

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

DESPITE the prodigious popularity of the motion pictures, of the victrola and of the radio, nothing can successfully take the place of the presence of living actors in the oral drama. This art is almost as old as humanity; it has flourished in all communities, ancient and modern, and no general catastrophe, like war, for example, has ever been able to stop or even to check it. The only instance I can at this moment recall when it was temporarily suppressed was in England in the year 1642, when for a brief period the Puritans got control of the machinery of the state, and passed an ordinance prohibiting theatrical spectacles. Even that law merely pronounced dead a thing that had practically ceased to breathe; for the mighty wave of creative energy that we call the Elizabethan drama had completely spent itself, had in fact dwindled into abnormalities and inanities. The drama needed a rest and got it. Furthermore the law was violated, and in 1660, with the return of the Merry Monarch, the theatres, like everything else, were wide open.

But it is not with history or with other countries that I am concerned just now. It is with the United States of America in the year of Our Lord, 1928.

The city of New York, outside of the picture houses, has seventy-five theatres, where classic and modern plays are adequately presented. The season now drawing to a close has been more than creditable, it has been marked by many excellent new plays, and many admirable revivals of the classics.

But the unfortunate fact is that outside of New York the situation is so bad that it could hardly be worse. It is absolutely true that the people who live in such great cities as Cleveland, Buffalo, St. Louis, New Orleans, etc., have no more idea of the contemporary drama in English than they have of the contemporary drama in Chinese. Let any traveler, as he enters a large town in America, buy a copy of a local newspaper, and examine the theatrical advertisements. He ought to be appalled, and he would be if he were not used to the worst.

In Germany, every town, large or small, has its theatres, and almost invariably, its local repertory company. Not only do these theatres produce Shakespeare, Goethe, Ibsen, Shaw, etc., but every new play that has been successfully produced in any other town or country, in a brief time appears on this local stage; so that the inhabitants of every town in Germany have the opportunity to hear the classics of the theatre, and also every new and important drama. Not only that. When a leading German playwright has a new play ready, it is usually performed for the first time simultaneously in several cities; if successful, it is within two weeks seen on every stage in the country. What does this mean? It means that the people of the whole country are all talking about the same play at the same time, just as in America they are all talking about something else. In other words, in Germany, the drama is close to the national life, whereas in America it is not so at all.

Think how it would stimulate family table conversation, and I think it needs stimulating, if the table-talk everywhere turned on a new play by Barrie, or Shaw, or Galsworthy, or O'Neill, rather than on automobiles, football or motion pictures.

I suppose it is inevitable that the average person should think more of physical luxuries than of spiritual necessities. What a roar of protest would arise from every town in the United States if the use of automobiles were confined to Detroit, if radios could be had only in Pittsburgh, if chocolate candy could be obtained only in Philadelphia. Yet if any person in the United States really wishes to see classic or contemporary plays, he must journey to New York, remain there expensively and fight a losing battle with the speculators. This uncivilized state of affairs will continue just so long as the people of Cleveland, St. Louis, and other large towns put up with it.

Now I think Americans are as enterprising as Germans. What the Germans have done we ought to be able to accomplish. It all depends on the strength of the desire. We have the only really comfortable country in the world, the only country where the wayfaring man, though a fool, can be warm in winter, can have all the ice he wants in summer and all the hot baths he wants at any time. Furthermore we have done an immense amount to make Europe more comfortable than it used to be. Anyone who can remember traveling conditions in Europe thirty years ago knows that what were then regarded as almost unheard-of luxuries are now accepted as sufficiently common experiences. But is our contribution to the world's civilization to take exclusively the form of animal comforts and conveniences?

Before things can be any better, there must be a conviction of sin. We must awake to the realization of the deplorably barren condition in America of the great art of the theatre.

There are some signs of promise. The host of independent Little Theatres all over the United States is a sign of health and sanity; but of course they do not begin to fill the real demand. Then there are excellent stock companies, like that of Miss Bonstelle in Detroit, which has accomplished immense good. There are the Community Theatres; a notable example is the one at Pasadena, which has attracted universal attention, and which is now giving a world première of O'Neill's play, Lazarus Laughed.

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The most promising movement of all is the attempt of the Drama League of America to raise a fund of $1,000,000. This will be a trust fund, and will be devoted to the improvement of the situation of the professional theatre, to assisting and encouraging amateur efforts and to educating the public to a better appreciation of the spoken drama, for we need more than anything else, educated audiences. Provision will also be made for the development of the theatre in rural communities.

When two professional baseball nines play they know that practically every man in the vast concourse of spectators is a competent and qualified critic; every clever act is instantly appreciated and every gross error received with an instant roar of disgust. It would be fine if the art of the theatre could be displayed before similarly qualified audiences, where every man and woman in the auditorium was an amateur critic. Well, to bring about that consummation is one of the objects of the Drama League.

AND HE ALONE IS TO BLAME

By EDITH MINITER

NOW, when we want to be skittish, we say "Thanks for the buggy ride." We used to say, "Thank you for nothing," or, "Shoo fly, don't bodder me." We talk of jazz garters, once the talk was of tilt skirts. A tilt skirt was very naughty, more especially if worn by a young lady addicted to sitting in rocking-chairs.

The girl shocker—she is and always has been with us. As early as the first half of the last century the ordinary framework of woman's dress was causing comment, and a man named Joseph Comstock, M. D., wrote a book called Tongue of Time, or, Star of the States: A System of Human Nature with the Phenomena of the Heavens and Earth, Which Treats of American Antiquities, Remains of Giants, Geology, Volcanoes, Diet, Dress, Drinks, Dreams, Sleep—and many other things. From this extraordinary and valuable compendium one draws these words of wisdom, "Women, beware of jumps."

Jumps were stays and the reason for "bewaring" was given in the form of diseases whose name was legion. Indeed, anyone taking the trouble to read back will find that for several centuries steady and regular diatribes were uttered against these "jumps." Young ladies were said to attend only those special boarding schools that brought them down to fourteen inches until another one came forward promising thirteen. All mankind saw red when women's stays were mentioned. And this lasted until the year when it was discovered that silly little flappers went to parties and parked their stays before going on the floor, since which the female corset has represented every conservative virtue.

It must sometimes have seemed to poor badgered woman that she had only to make any sort of a change to get in bad. That is, if objection was general to what she was doing in one year, it became particular if she did anything different a twelvemonth later.

The female skirt was once supported by an object called a quilt, a garment stuffed with cotton held in place by myriads of running stitches. Well, in western Massachusetts, a half-dozen girls were drowned in the face of all their agile and gallant escorts, because these quilts made the girls too heavy to pull out of the water. In those days of sparse population awful examples were not so common as now, and the most was made of this tragedy. The boat that had tipped the damsels into their watery grave was put on wheels and taken throughout New England, to the accompaniment of a couple of ballads.

> "Six youthful persons, for their own diversion,
> See them a-hastening to a pond for sailing;
> As soon embarked, see them plunge headlong;
> Sight how affecting."

That's a sample of one. The following is a stanza from the other—

> ". . . There each of them they lost their breath
> In the cold, icy arms of death.
> And bid a long and last farewell
> To all this side of heaven and hell.
> To gain their lives was all their aim,
> But all attempts did prove in vain:
> It was an instance very rare
> That three good swimmers drownded there."

Quilts thereupon went out of style, and we soon hear of the stylish girls at Sulphur Springs and Saratoga sporting cambric gowns cut so as to show the figure. Yet these proved no more pleasing than the others to the critics, who objected because the damsels dampened the cambric so as to make it "sit to the limbs."

Almost immediately a great many petticoats came into vogue. One girl whom Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has on record went to an evening party wearing seven. Whereupon men got doctors to back them up in a claim that thereby most feminine torsos were badly bejiggled. So woman did herself up in a hoopskirt, with the rocking-chair result previously noted. Did crinoline ever have anything good said of it during its lifetime? Doubted! Yet after it made way for the bustle and the pullback, woman was derided for tying herself in such a bundle that she could step only four inches at a time, and the airy "healthy" crinoline grew in grace as it receded from our—or rather woman's—midst.

We must acknowledge that woman has usually been obliging. Let her be sufficiently criticized and she is sure to present a right-about face in a few years. For instance her sleeves got so large at one time that newspapers did scarcely anything but caricature them, making them hide contraband lap-dogs on trains and smuggled silks and satins on steamboat docks. Then she went to the other extreme and made her arm coverings so snug that she put on her hat before her frock, and was "sewed up" after shaking hands.

The fact that any part of the female dress was tight-fitting has always bothered the men. Therefore the male part of humanity should have been delighted when in the early nineties a garment called the mother hubbard dawned on Chicago, and rapidly spread as far east as Portland, Maine, and as far west as the covered wagon had gone. For there was nothing snug anywhere about the mother hubbard. It consisted of many yards of material, not an inch sacrificed to a single gore, seamed together and attached to a thing called a yoke at about the level of the shoulder. Full sleeves were added and there you were!

And what did the men do? Well, what didn't they do? In Chicago they tried to pass a law forbidding the wearing of mother hubbards on the street. All over the country city ordi-

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nances compelled the use of belts or sashes. At the same time such a fusillade of ridicule swept the country that after about eight or ten years the garment ceased to be worn except in boudoirs and by smaller-sized children.

Of course woman has offended her critics otherwise than by way of attire. Sometimes she invited blame by wanting to vote, or study medicine, or take up blacksmithing, and so was sneered at as strong-minded. Then she would politely go to the other extreme, scream at mice and spiders, pass her days playing with those once fashionable and always remarkable dogs known as pugs, and burst into fountains of baby talk at sight of an infant. And only to be denounced as "the silly sex."

Her habits of eating have never been in favor. Left to herself she is supposed to favor nothing but the line of dishes known as "refreshments" and served at afternoon teas. Said Howard Paul, the well-known bon viviant, "In ordering a dinner don't waste your money or appetite on hors d'oeuvres. That is, unless you have a woman along, in which case you'll have to have them." As for friends and lovers, a woman was never supposed to be capable of selecting her own lifemate with any attention to propriety or hope of happiness. Up to 1825 the hero of half a hundred duels was presumed to catch her eye, when the honest farmer did not stand a show; about 1837 she fell for the "ruffian dandy who generally had a checked shirt or a sailor's hat or some other outlandish article of dress to make him an object of notoriety." Later the "dude" was invented just so that the girl of the period might have someone sissified and useless with whom to hang over the garden gate, sit in the family hammock and finally elope. There was nothing against the dude, only he wore tight trousers which he was supposed to put on with a shoe-horn, carried a cane, and utilized his ears largely for the purpose of keeping a hard-boiled derby off his neck.

These things go in cycles. Of late we have had the chair-warmer, the cake-eater, the handsome tea-hound. Woman was derided for loving each and all. So now there flourishes the little gold digger who cuts out romance and spends time only on worth-while men who seek her in limousines. Yet, as I have said before, very little seems to be gained by the change, and the thrifty creature is by no means as popular as she probably deserves to be.

Well, woman has pretty generally accepted her position with philosophy. The ancient Germans took their women with them to war, and the ancient Romans did not take theirs even into society, and woman apparently went or stayed at home quite unregardless. It was not until the very end of the nineteenth century that she suddenly began to be complained of as "restless." Several books written by men represented her as more restless than she had been hitherto, and with her customary obligingness she at once became just as uneasy as she was said to be. And who can wonder thereat? Man had never let her alone, and ridicule, it is generally conceded, is the strongest of arguments. Had he but stemmed the tide of his sarcastic comment, woman today might be dressed exclusively in calico mother hubbards, her head covered with long hair augmented by switches, her arms wrapped around pug dogs, and her hand about to be given in marriage to a dude.

Instead of which she is dressed in silk, satin or a flimsy stuff called georgette, her hair is non est, her arms are occupied with tennis rackets, golf sticks or at least a typewriter and a pretty good job, and her hand is about to sign on the dotted line for something she personally wants and can afford to pay for.

And he has only himself to blame.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Happy Husband

ABOUT this time of the year, managers begin to scratch their heads to find light summer entertainment. This resolves itself generally into musical comedy or that other species which we might call saucy comedy—bits of nothingness strung together with the least possible mental effort and a hint of sophistication. The Happy Husband, in which Billie Burke is the advertised star, fits well into the latter category, and has little to recommend it beyond the superficial cleverness of many of its lines and some capable acting by an excellent cast.

It is patterned slightly after that play in which Grace George acted some years ago called She Had to Know—in other words, it recounts the adventures of a wife who is beginning to get impatient with the fact that everyone regards her as an exemplary spouse to whom suspicion could never possibly attach itself. Like all plays of this order, the whole point depends on compromising situations, and at the last curtain there is a polite bow to the district attorney's office in the form of a line which indicates that nothing very serious has happened after all.

There seems to be an impression abroad that none but a confirmed prude would dare to criticize plays of this order, their essential spirit being comic and therefore supposedly innocuous. None the less, I shall try not to get tired of repeating that it is precisely these scampering comedies that merit a censorious eye nine times out of ten rather than much more serious plays dealing often with (surfacely) much more morbid and sordid material. After all, isn't the essential test of a play, ethically speaking, the point of view it expresses or advocates or insinuates toward the fundamental problems of life? If it intimates that marital irregularities are good subjects for comedy and not to be seriously thought about unless they are discovered, isn't that likely to cause more moral confusion than a play which deals, for example, with the life of a prostitute, but shows the endless tragedy and lack of fulfilment which comes with such a life?

The trouble seems to be that every time you attempt to draw a distinction of this sort, someone is sure to think you are upholding or approving the play about the prostitute, whereas all you are trying to do is to establish purely relative values. Nothing is more muddle-headed than the general current theories about censorship. This derives quite naturally from the fact that there is no generally and commonly accepted moral standard among the various people discussing the subject. But every now and then, even those with the same standards seem to find themselves hopelessly at variance.

A good example is Craig's Wife, which, if my memory is not at fault, received a complete whitewashing at the hands of a distinguished organization. Now there was nothing obviously off color about this play from the purely sexual angle—the one generally adopted. But it did try to win the approval of the audience for a man's action in leaving his wife on the first indication that she was a possessive and selfish person and difficult to get along with. Is this the standard which the organization in question would wish to establish for husbands? Or has it ceased suddenly to be true that every marriage is worth at least some serious effort at preservation? Mr. Craig made none. He woke up to the truth of his wife's character very late and quite abruptly. She may have been—in fact, probably was—a hopeless case. But the husband had no way of knowing this, because he made not the slightest effort to see

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if self-assertion would accomplish something. He simply waved good-by and sped on his way. And that is most emphatically not the theory of marriage relations upheld by the organization in question.

So I venture to submit that the whole question of censorship demands considerable overhauling, first, that the censorship may be conducted in accord with some commonly agreed standard of morals, secondly, that the inference of the theme of a play (its general philosophy) be given at least as much importance as the material or characters depicted (this being the obvious justification of many famous Biblical stories) and, thirdly, that the censoring organizations try to be consistent with their own standards and stop whitewashing plays simply because they use no strong words and do not deal with the more obvious phases of infidelity. (At the Empire Theatre.)

Blackbirds of 1928

OF LATE years, the all-colored musical revue has come to such prominence as to be no longer a novelty. And this latest addition to the list provides very little to stir excitement or admiration. Let us except at once the amazing tap dancing of Bill Robinson, which far surpasses anything of its kind I have seen for sheer delicacy, inborn rhythm and perfection of design. But that is a very small part of a rather mediocre show which, for the most part, merely copies the general Broadway pattern and varies from it only in the fact that the artists are colored, according to program announcement. I mention the program chiefly because it seems to be the ambition of these revues to use chorus girls so nearly white that, dropping in by accident, one might mistake them for the ladies of the ensemble in any middle-class revue.

There are two strong objections to revues of the present description. First, being copied after Broadway patterns, they in no way reflect the peculiar abilities of the race. Secondly, they seem to inject a vulgarity into the dancing which reflects no credit on the Negro. It is quite obvious that the managers are simply capitalizing the Negro revue artist for his or her novelty, and not because of any fine native gifts. Surely there must be a form of humor, or at least of musical expression, peculiar to the Negro—something which he could point to with a little pride. But you find no trace of it in the present revue. And the dances, while swift and spontaneous, are nothing less than exhibitions of animalism, of a character that does nothing to raise the public estimation of the colored race. (At the Liberty Theatre.)

The Little Theatre Tournament

EVERY year, a number of so-called Little Theatres compete in a tournament lasting a week for the Belasco cup. The full importance of this fact may not be apparent, so I am going to venture a few words on the subject. In the larger cities, the Little Theatre serves more or less the function of high-grade amateur theatricals, with a following confined largely to interested friends or members of some society. But in the smaller cities and towns, where first-rate road shows are seldom seen, and where the finer plays almost never would be seen on the local stage, the Little Theatre has become, theatrically and educationally, very big indeed. Often the acting groups approach professional standards in the earnestness and regularity of their work, in the beauty and interest of their stage settings and in the public estimation they capture. The net result of the Little Theatre movement has been to provide adequately acted plays by the finest playwrights, classic and modern, for cities which would otherwise have no better fare than the movies. This means, in turn, that when people from these smaller cities visit the big theatrical centres (New York, Chicago or San Francisco) or the larger cities of "the road," they help to swell the numbers of the intelligent and appreciative audience. It is a mistake to belittle the Little Theatre—and the annual tournament is a welcome gesture of appreciation.

Incidentally, the recent tournament was noteworthy from the fact that one more of the Catholic Little Theatres of New York took part—and with credit and distinction, receiving third place among the twelve presentations of published plays. That was the Dramatic Union of the parish of Our Lady of Lourdes. Having seen the work of this group in a number of plays, and having watched the seriousness of their efforts to produce plays well, I am delighted to have this excuse for remarking that they invariably set and attain a very high standard in amateur theatricals. They deserve a much wider audience, and it is to be hoped that their entry into the tournament is only a prelude to their developing into an uptown playhouse comparable to the Neighborhood Playhouse that once honored the distant stretches of Grand Street.

The Father

ROBERT WHITTIER presents Robert Whittier's version of Strindberg's The Father, with Robert Whittier in the leading rôle. This probably accounts for the fact that the only incompetent actor in the cast is Robert Whittier, and that what is obviously a strong, though a biting, morose and scalding play appears as a paroxysm of unintelligent ranting. Florence Johns gives an almost perfect portrait of the diabolical wife who drives her husband to insanity and death, and Kate Mayhew and Peggy Keenan give finely graded and poignant performances of the old nurse and the child, respectively. The work of these three shows what the play might be, but nothing can quite excuse the antics of Mr. Whittier, especially as the program states that the play was directed by Alan Dinehart. He should have exerted his authority—or resigned.

The play itself follows orthodox Strindberg lines—a general diatribe against womankind and much harping on the inevitable (as he sees it) roar of the sexes. It is powerful only in the sense that witnessing any form of sadism produces its direct action on a pained audience. But there is no general sweep or fire to the theme and several of the last act details are poorly constructed from the point of view of maintaining illusion. (At the Belmont Theatre.)

Miracles

Doubt no longer miracles,
This spring day makes it plain
A man may crumble into dust
And straightway live again.

A jug of water in the sun
Will easily turn to wine
If love is stooping at the well,
And love's white arms entwine.

And you who think Him only man,
I tell you faithfully
That I have seen Christ clothed in rain
Walking on the sea.

ARNA BONTEMPS.

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COMMUNICATIONS

TOWARD WORLD PEACE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I have read with deepest interest the article, Toward World Peace, by William Franklin Sands, in the May 2 issue of The Commonweal. In this he lays stress upon the activities of the Catholic Association for International Peace, the committees of which are studying our relations with other countries "in the light of truth, justice and charity."

Regardless, or perhaps ignorant of this fact, one Senator Heflin is taking advantage of every opportunity, in the Senate chamber and elsewhere, to fulminate rabidly against Governor Smith in particular and his religious creed in general, as menacing the institutions of these United States.

There was a time when, in England, a similar intolerant spirit was manifested, arousing much indignation among those walking in the paths of "truth, justice and charity."

I have on my bookshelf the complete works of John Ruskin. The preface in Volume XXIV, written during the period in question, contains an indignant protest against this attitude by himself, "to the best of my knowledge [he writes] the staunchest Conservative in England." Supplementing this, he proceeds to quote from a speech delivered by the Conservative leader, the Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords:

"It is already well known to your Lordships that the troops which our gracious sovereign did me the honor to entrust to my command at various periods during the war. . . at least one-half were Roman Catholics. . . . Your Lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people; how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. . . . We must confess, my Lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valor no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."

And then Ruskin: "Let these noble words of tender justice be the first example to my young readers of what all history ought to be."

I am non-Catholic, but I abhor injustice, hence this reminder. Hear Wellington and Ruskin, hear Heflin—and choose!

EDMUND S. NASH.

THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

Los Angeles, Cal.

TO the Editor:—The editorial on the Catholic Collegiate Association brought forth an interesting discussion among a group of Catholic college alumnae at the University Club in Los Angeles yesterday. All felt that this was a logical answer to the question, "Why is the young woman of this generation not a club woman as her mother has been?" This is the sort of club which would take the place of our undergraduate Newman Clubs and Catholic sororities. We would like to know more of the Catholic Collegiate Association—perhaps here on the Coast we may have some such group.

We are very grateful to The Commonweal for bringing the splendid idea to our notice.

MARY G. NOLAN.

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BOOKS

The Timely Tiger

Tammany Hall, by M. R. Werner. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.00.

MR. WERNER has accomplished a feat which hitherto would have been deemed impossible; he has muckraked Tammany Hall. Others may gild the lily; he has blackened the kettle. He has done something staggering to the imagination; he has actually painted Tammany's record darker than it is. His book will be an excellent Republican campaign document, and perhaps that accounts for it.

There have been a number of histories of Tammany, the standard one being Gustavus Myers's. Anybody who wants to know the whole truth about Tammany will read Myers; those who want ammunition for political purposes will use Werner for reference. It is true that Werner's book takes the reader down to the time of Murphy's death, while Myers's ends earlier; but it might as well have stopped when Myers's did. The only object in bringing it so nearly up to date seems to be to insinuate that Murphy's régime was as bad as Croker's, which is not a fact. There are also repeated insinuations that Governor Smith was under Murphy's thumb, the truth being almost exactly the reverse so far as the last years of Murphy's life are concerned.

Mr. Werner's method is twofold. First, he suppresses everything that does not fit into his picture. Secondly, he enumerates everything unpleasant that ever happened in New York and leaves the reader to suppose that all these things were done by Tammany Hall. Tammany's record under Tweed, Croker and some lesser lights, is so bad that the idea of worsening it is quite novel, and for this novelty Mr. Werner deserves the credit of discovery.

His theme is that from the beginning to the end, from Aaron Burr to Murphy—he goes no farther—Tammany's record is a consistent whole, and that there has been a long procession of criminal bosses following doggedly and exactly in each other's footsteps. This is not the case. To accomplish his purpose he quotes everything from a newspaper parody to a campaign speech; any stick is good to beat a tiger with. In the early part of the nineteenth century denunciations of Tammany were not frequent, so Mr. Werner makes up for that by quoting denunciations of the Democratic party in such a way that the reader will understand them to be attacks on Tammany.

His object being what it is, of course he is uncritical in his authorities, and many of those he produces are evidently false at the first glance. For instance, he gives in full, on the authority of that stalwart old Republican, E. J. Edwards, a dialogue between Mike Walsh and Isaiah Rynders when they were alone in a room where Walsh had challenged Rynders to a duel. Obviously no one but Walsh and Rynders ever knew what happened there; Rynders did not tell, and if Walsh did he cannot be believed. A magistrate is accused of taking improper liberties with a female prisoner, and Mr. Werner's "authority," the scurrilous George Wilkes, details the conversation and the physical acts. No one was present but the magistrate and the harlot, and neither is named. Mr. Werner's muckrake is greedy and indiscriminate; and who in the world would ever have thought there would be any necessity of applying a muckrake to Tammany Hall?

So indiscriminate is he that he does not trouble to make his authorities agree. If one authority makes Tim Sullivan talk dialect and another quotes him in ordinary English, both are cited impartially as examples of Big Tim's conversational style. Mr. Werner is greatly enamored of an interview which W. T. Stead pretended to have had with Croker, and harps on it; though to anyone who had the faintest acquaintance with Croker it is evident that that sensational journalist faked the whole thing. In some places there is internal evidence that he has pasted up a newspaper clipping and forgotten to edit it, though it appears not as a quotation but as his own work. One such is a report of a Bill Devery meeting.

As an instance of Mr. Werner's omnivorous appetite for bad news about Tammany, he tells a dramatic story of how David C. Broderick proposed that Mike Walsh dismay his enemies by committing suicide and thus becoming a martyr. He, says Broderick, shook Walsh's hand as they parted and said pathetically, "Hero! patriot! martyr! farewell forever! I will remain behind to see that posterity does you justice." Anybody who can visualize that hardboiled saloonkeeper and gun-fighter figuring in a sob-stuff melodrama like this will also believe everything else in Mr. Werner's book.

But it will doubtless be heard of constantly during the political campaign and will have a roaring Republican sale. It has the merit of containing, amid much falsity and many absurdities, voluminous extracts from and summaries of the testimony before investigating committees, which will make it handy for reference on those subjects. But aside from this, there is no reason why anybody but Republican spellbinders should prefer it to the history of Gustavus Myers.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Protestant Mentality

Christian Humanism, by Russell Henry Stafford. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Colby. $2.00.

IT IS probable that there is no literature published which is less read by average Catholics than the sermons or discourses of Protestant ministers. Yet there is none which gives to the informed Catholic a better understanding of the present status of Protestantism than just such writing. The above-named work is a series of sermons by the minister of the famous Old South Church, Boston, which he delivered to his former St. Louis congregation. By "Christian humanism," the preacher tells in a preface, is meant "a primary preoccupation with the betterment of individuals and society in this world, and an approach to the high mysteries of God by building toward these summits upon a foundation of tested experiences and its inescapable experiences." Dr. Stafford seeks to show that the Gospels are not indifferent to man's well-being in this life, any more than was Christ, their central figure. Hence a hatred of other worldliness, with its contempt of the flesh, is made to be simply a reflection of a similar hatred entertained by Christ Himself.

One imagines that such a teaching was pleasing to the ears of the big business men who heard it and were glad. It so nicely makes religion what they think it should be, a faithful echo of their successful selves, in which they may worship undisturbed the gods of the things that are, "repudiating dogmatism and illiberality" as remnants of outworn mediaevalism. Thus we catch the spirit of the whole of Dr. Stafford's Christian humanism. One may anticipate with fair accuracy his position on such questions as those which follow: the existence of God, the origin of the world, the nature of Christ, sin and revelation. "Belief in God does not commonly arise from rational considerations but from emotional needs. . . . If a man does not feel sure whether there is a God, his emotional

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life must starve." Again, "the manifestation of God in Christ is not unique in kind or degree. The revelation of the Divine Being through human nature is a continuous process throughout religious experience." This is considered as being in keeping with our modern thought which "entertains a suspicion, justified by all observation thus far, of alleged facts emerging at a given point anomalously, without parallels or foreshadowings." So the evolutionists are appeased.

As to the Scriptures, "though the Bible is doubtless more often right than not in its statement of fact, it is not by any means always so. . . . Many Biblical statements cannot be verified, while some are irreconcilably contradicted by conclusions of dispassionate investigation." In "absolving the Bible from uninterrupted historical and scientific veracity," the author concludes, they are "just like any other writings by authors who felt themselves inspired and who inspire us. . . . A difference in degree though not in quality there is, incalculably to the Bible's advantage. . . . It is written by men like us, out of their own experience." Hence the religion of Jesus is not a religion of a book. "While studying the Bible with more attentive appreciation than ever before because of heightened awareness of the modern mind of the debt of the present to the great achievements of the past, we would do well to forget the very terms 'revelation' and 'inspiration,' because of their conventional connotation of all-sufficing inerrancy, as applied to the Holy Scriptures, and subject these writings without reserve to the canons of criticism applied to all other works of literature."

Neither is the Church the central point of Christianity. Against that notion "Protestantism was in its origin a necessary and heroic protest"; even though the protest has resulted in multitudinous divisions, yet this divided state of Christendom is not altogether to be regretted. It was against the Church made and marred by men for their own advantage masquerading under the name of Christ, a great division of Christendom broke away in successful rebellion at the Reformation." With neither book nor church holding place, Christ is still in some indefinable way to be the centre of Christendom.

When we come to sin nothing so old-fashioned as fear of hell should be entertained. Christ (sic) never used such a method. The martyrs "being true men would doubtless, if they had chosen to do wrong, have had courage of their sins, and even so would have been worthier of our respect than the people whose motives for righteousness is self-preservation. Better a splendid rogue than pusillanimous saint!" Finally in one magnificent burst of tolerance even such subversive doctrines as Christian Science or Catholicism may escape examination as to their teachings, provided only their benighted adherents practise their beliefs honestly and sincerely, "for there is no value at all that I can see in Catholicism, or for that matter in any other system as a mere set of controversial assertions; but there is great value in earnest devotion to the offices even of that belated survival of illiberal mediaevalism, while there is assuredly no peace of heart for the man who is in belief honestly a Catholic and in action furtively a pagan."

Such is Christian humanism of the Congregational Protestant variety in this advanced year of Our Lord 1928, as expressed by a leading divine of that denomination. If there is anything about it to which even the humblest Babbitt might take objection, it seems to have but one motto, "Our customers are always right." It is a rather enlightening and significant portrait of a religion more led than leading, even within its own proper sphere. It undoubtedly helps to explain the slight influence which Protestantism has today upon the lives of its nominal

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followers from the strictly religious, and apart from the political, or other, standpoints. Energetically earnest at times, it is nevertheless always so desirous of appearing as modern and up-to-date, so willing to placate every shade of opposing opinion, that it succeeds in being always harmlessly vacuous and colorless. It is private judgment in religion driven to its logical conclusion. The almost negligible net result will be satisfactory, perhaps, to those who do not wish to take religion seriously as such, and really entertain it only as a means of entering a slightly ecstatic social service. It will trust to habit and organization to carry it along traditionally as religion. The desperate seriousness with which Catholics still take their religion must appear to this urbane Christian humanism as rather uncouth and irritating.

One thing the book does for Catholics. It shows them how far Protestantism of today has drifted from the parent stream, how little of the doctrinal structure of Christianity remains intact. The Catholic apologist really finds himself, for the most part, about where he was in the beginning of Christianity. It might be well to recognize that fact and act accordingly. One need be under no illusion. Church unity to a very considerable extent will mean the conversion to Catholicism of a largely pagan world—or at least a world in which very few remnants of early Christianity remain, even as tradition.

CHARLES A. HART.

A Frontier Bishop

The Life and Times of John England, by Peter Guilday. New York: The America Press. Two volumes, $10.00.

THAT the young bishop of an insignificant see in Georgia and North and South Carolina in pioneer days, should have left so remarkable an impress upon the beginnings of the Catholic character in America gives rise to surprise and admiration even today in the larger developments within the Church in our country. That in his own day his broad vision and daring policies should have aroused some discussion and lack of sympathy among the Church leaders of the larger dioceses of the northern states is hardly to be wondered at, considering the latitude regarding episcopal authorities, and the mistaken ideas of American religious independence, then general and widespread in our new republic.

Born in Cork, Ireland, September 23, 1786, John England was of college age when the Union was being discussed and hope was being held out for Irish emancipation from the oppressions that had endured for almost three centuries. Dr. Guilday confesses to an absence of very complete records of John England's activities in the troubled affairs of this period, but enough material has been gathered through his studies to show that the future prelate's opposition to the proposal to give England a veto in the nominating of Irish bishops was vigorous and uncompromising, in contrast to the temporizing of certain of the Irish bishops of the day. There were certainly some grave reasons for removing the young priest from the centres of the insurrectionary forces and appointing him first Bishop of Georgia and North and South Carolina in 1820.

Bishop John England found a great task before him in his southern diocese. The scattered Catholics of the region numbered hardly more than a few thousands; there was a woful lack of priests to educate these children of the Church in their out-of-the-way settlements and a plenteous effort was needed to recall many of these from following the easy course of the Protestants that generally outnumbered them. The letter of Father William Vincent Harold, found by Dr. Guilday in the archives of the Dominicans at Tallaght, near Dublin, gives this account of these early Irish settlers: "On their first arrival from Ireland, they feel a horror at the idea of entering a sectarian conventicle, but persons who have been longer in the country and who have fallen into this external apostasy, tell the newcomers that their interests will be affected and their characters suspected if they do not go to some church, and to this counsel they fatally, though reluctantly, yield. Their children fall into the custom without scruple, and all in a short time lose their faith. Thousands are living in this state of apostasy in the states of Pennsylvania and New York, but particularly in the latter. . . . These poor wretches, who are now filling the vast frame of that country, must in a few years cease to be Catholics; their children will not have even an idea of the true faith; and, as apostates, they will be even more hostile to the Catholic religion than those who have had the misfortune to be educated in heresy from their childhood."

Dr. Guilday sums up his story of the life of voyage, hardships and ceaseless enterprise of Bishop England: "It is regrettable that a writer of such vigor was not more advantageously placed in the American Church. He had grown to love Charleston and the Southland; and the uniform courtesy with which he was treated by non-Catholic citizens wherever he went in the pursuit of his duty as bishop had endeared the Southerners to his kindly heart. But he was never deceived over the amount of progress the Catholic faith might make in the three states under his spiritual jurisdiction. With never, at any time, more Catholics under his pastoral care than would be considered a large parish today, it was fairly impossible to have done more than he did. . . . "

Before the founding, on June 5, 1822, of the United States Catholic Miscellany, there had existed no religious periodical devoted to our Church interests in the entire reach of America. There were, however, some journals of Irish propaganda published in New York City, sympathetic with the claims of Catholic faith, while Father Gabriel Richard was producing in Detroit the first issues of his Michigan Essay.

Bishop England, in his Miscellany, revealed all the faculties of a born journalist of controversial powers and sustained qualities of interest and charm. The first appearance of his journal was a signal for joy among his people, a sign of contradiction for his opponents, including some of his ecclesiastical brethren in the northern dioceses. All that Bishop England wrote, with very small exceptions, made its appearance in the columns of the Miscellany, under his own name or under the various noms-de-plume that he at times adopted. The greater part of his contributions was of a controversial nature: it was necessary at this early period in our American Catholicity to lay down decisively the lines of our thought and conduct under the religious rights allowed by the laws of our new republic: several of the Bishop's works were published in book form or circulated extensively as pamphlets. His work as a Catholic polemist and defender has never been surpassed in our country.

Dr. Guilday does not spare some of the great names in our national ecclesiastical history: he has shown that a definite touch upon some of the delicate questions in our annals cannot but be profitable both for readers and students of today. Scholarship, Catholic as well as Protestant, as far as it is interested in studying the development of early mentality and conditions in pioneer America, must acknowledge a profound debt to Dr. Guilday for his labors and researches in collecting, collating and judiciously presenting so large a body of the historical materials of this complex national union.

THOMAS WALSH.

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Harp and Marrowbones

Jealous of Dead Leaves, by Shaemas O'Sheel. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

Color of Water, by Marjorie Meeker. New York: Brentanos. $1.50.

Oxford Poetry, 1927. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.00.

A RETICENT, reluctant soul is in the poet Shaemas O'Sheel, in spite of all his assertions, protests and art-clamors. He is the shadowy troubadour, for all that, of our raucous days in poetry. His harp, a simple instrument of few strings, is touched with an exquisite finger to naïve melodies that recall Vales of Tempe and ancient pastorals rather than aesthetic chants or the wooden rhythms of the neo-primitives. In the Ireland of his visions and dreams, Shaemas O'Sheel is at his most vigorous point. They Went Forth to Battle is still his finest poem, rivaled only by the Gaelic harmonies of He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed. His love poems share the same shadowing reluctant beauties; his dream-women are Helen, Deirdre, Beatrice and Grania; heroines of Swinburnian qualities can touch him only vicariously. Through misty glens and twilight mountains he leads us with a singing that is surely of the faery mounds. We have in Shaemas O'Sheel a fine poet of whom our time may be very proud.

There is also a real poetical personality on every page of Marjory Meeker's Color of Water, a well-chosen title for such a book of poems, cold and crystal, shifting and iridescent, inviting and forbidding, promising and half shadowy with hope. The soul of this poet is young and inspired with unusual sincerity; there are evidences of revolt that are the result either of some profound early shock or the inhibition of life untried. Her music is sweet but too often broken into fragments that are nevertheless without the beauty or pathos of the broken gods of Greece. We seem to see the author in her poem, Strangers, and again in her lines:

"When I am old the things I say
Perhaps will then be true,
Since fire and faith of me today
Lie young and lost with you."

Color of Water is a remarkable first book, and in it Marjorie Meeker has taken her place among the first poets of our day.

If Shaemas O'Sheel can speak, in the foreword of his Jealous of Dead Leaves, of his "examination of conscience, a humble weighing and judging, a minute, line-by-line consideration" of his poems written during the last nine years, one can only wonder what will be the future apologies of the young poets who make up the tiny book of Oxford Poetry, 1927, edited by W. H. Anden and C. Day-Lewis. Here, too, is the elaborate preface of latter-day English poets, their mental ruminations on their fresh green work, their rather cloudy theories, such as, first: "the psychological conflict between self as subject and self as object"; secondly, "the ethical conflict—a struggle to reconcile the notion of pure art with those exigencies which its conditions of existence as a product of a human mind and culture must involve"; thirdly, "the logical conflict between the denotatory and connotatory sense of words which is the root-divergence of classic and romantic."

One turns for vindication of this sort of aesthetics only to find practically nothing to exemplify it in the poems of the collection. Instead we meet a curious disrespect for rhythmic tradition and the findings of old metricians, and a resort to tricks in serious moments which were formerly the prize prop-

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erty of comic writers—broken words, shattered accents, originality based upon incongruous epithets and fantastic adjectives. The spirit of song is quite lost by these young writers; their cleverness would impress mature students as impudences, as they seem to enjoy the wit that lies in sticking their fingers to their noses. "Genius and lunacy obey their laws," writes one of these authors, who adds the rather strange and muddled picture:

"Run, potbellied,
Swing your gold chain, your seals—
Run with your overcoat open,
Pale homunculus."

In the work of Anthony Thorne there is almost cleverness; but are we to laugh or groan over R. E. Warner's:

"Here is my hand. Yours
Is one foot from it.
Twelve inches in this foot
Are all infinite.

"If I wrenched space awry
And touched you in play,
The universe would squawk
And go flap away."

Humor is humor. Let us trust that these young English writers do not expect the world to take them seriously.

GARRET LEWALYS.

The Little Hatchet

Parson Weems of the Cherry Tree, by Harold Kellock. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

IT IS indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good. Now here is the fabricator of A History of the Life and Death of General George Washington, Faithfully Taken from Authentic Documents, exposed from toe to crown. Here is his myth of the cherry tree tried and found wanting. Here is our author, a lively scholar who digs back into the end of the eighteenth century with dangerous intent toward the biographer parson. And behold—out of the ashes of the cherry-tree buncombe and other clap-trap that Weems perpetrated, rises the character of a heterodox old moralist who warms the heart and stirs the pulse.

Weems began as a parson and ended as a pamphleteer. He was far too liberal for the Church of England of that day, so he gave up the active practice of the cloth and (shrewdly retaining his title) took to peddling books about the countryside, first on foot and later in a covered "Jersey wagon." At odd moments he played on the violin or gained access to some backwoods pulpit for a Sunday preaching. His home was not far from Washington's in Virginia, and when the first President died Weems, of course, found a pulpit from which to hold forth upon the subject. After a sermon, what could be more natural than a book on the same subject? Pronto!—it appeared; and in a year or two Weems's Life of Washington could be found on library tables and in pine-board cupboards from Maine to Georgia.

Delicious irony! The book was a hodpe-podge of hearsay and eulogistic fancy, but our forefathers believed it as they would believe the Bible. Its success started the merry parson on a pamphleteering splurge in which he blasted drunkards, gamblers, adulterers and such ilk under lurid titles like God's Revenge against Murder or The Drowned Wife, and The Bad Wife's Looking Glass or God's Revenge against Cruelty to Husbands. He had artists dress his pamphlets up like tabloids. He ran the gamut of sins and illustrated each with juicy fictitious "cases." The Americans of that day read, caught their breath and yelled for more.

Meanwhile the parson not only continued his itinerant bookselling, but further immortalized his "pious mendacities" in lives of Penn, Franklin and General Francis Marion. Though admiring the zest with which the parson fitted out his literary heroes in cloth of his own cutting, one cannot but sympathize a little with the old soldier who gave Weems his vast material on Marion, with the understanding that Weems was only to garnish it slightly for popular consumption, and who climaxes more trenchant protests against the completed work with the plaint, "Most certainly 'tis not my history, but your romance."

It is to the vast credit of Mr. Kellock that in his urbane manner he has retained the spicy flavor of his subject without resorting to either satire or eulogy. He has been scholarly enough to scrutinize the background of those times patiently, and he has been creative enough to picture Weems with more than a little of the gay sprightliness that the parson himself possessed. The cherry-tree fable is dead—long live Parson Weems!

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Miss Jekyll and Miss Hyde

Daisy and Daphne, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

USUALLY Rose Macaulay drops acid in her inkwell but in this novel she is more the amiable recorder than the blasting satirist. There are thrusts characteristically Macaulian, but they are pin thrusts, not dagger thrusts. Miss Macaulay deposits her heroine on the low step of a universal premise—that all people at some time have "appeared" to be what they are not. The hardest job of living is to be oneself before all men.

Daisy Simpson, of Great Russell Street, is a lowbrow English girl with illegitimacy hanging a scarlet tag to her wrist and a cheap talent for writing sexy tabloid features bringing her pin-money. Daphne Simpson is Daisy's other, sublimated self. Daphne is a spirit creature, composed of the dream-stuff of what Daisy yearns to be, what she pretends to be before Mrs. Folyot, who hires her as governess, and before her lover, Raymond Folyot. Daphne is brave and poised; Daisy is cowardly and bungling. Daphne thrills to the discovery of bullfinches with Raymond in Burnham Beeches; Daisy doesn't care a hang for birds.

With shoppy step-sisters, a slangy brother, a boisterous mother and a toshy novel by the pseudonymous Marjorie Wynne to her discredit, Daisy has difficulties keeping her Daphne make-up on before the highbrow Folyots. (Mr. Folyot was "something in the British Museum.") In an atmosphere of some culture, with Mrs. Folyot attending lectures, the Folyot children growing into intellectuals, and Raymond, the scientist-lover, cast in the refinement of learning, Daphne has difficulties keeping herself submerged before her snobby, vulgar relatives. When the duplex revelation takes place, when Daisy explains Daphne to her relatives and Daphne explains Daisy to her friends, there is tragic sundering of affections. Daisy, realizing that Raymond is jolted upon discovering an ordinary wildflower seed at the root of exotic Daphne, abdicates. She sails to America to lecture as Marjorie Wynne but to live as her own individual self, "a creature cut loose from chains

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forged in the past . . . a creature who would be herself . . . making her own commentary, her own individual gesture to the universe."

Daisy Daphne is a complex character. To paint with two brushes, simultaneously, is not easy; this Miss Macaulay accomplishes with fine skill. She does Daisy in warm, glowing, vital colors because Daisy is really real; with equal steadiness she paints Daphne in veiled colors because Daphne is a phantom maiden. Mrs. Folyot is plucked from the tree of universal knowledge. Everyone knows her type. She is forever joining committees to help expatriated Armenians. Under the author's adaptive scrutiny Mrs. Folyot represents type plus character. Excepting for Mr. Struther, the rather lame knee of the story, characterization is neat and forceful. Tableaux of rural England are nicely interlarded between events and borrow picturesqueness from apt description as, "blackbirds . . . dig in hard soil like sextons." The style is easy, graceful.

Daisy and Daphne will not disappoint readers even though it is perhaps more relaxed than Potterism or Crewe Train. The pages imprison a good story, which, after all, is what the reading public likes best.

EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE.

The Art of Staying Young

Barrie, by Thomas Moult. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

IN THESE days when all too many writers are producing ostensible biographies that are really mere vehicles in which ride autobiographical facts and fancies and no end of rubbish in the way of prejudices, it is stimulating to meet a book that has the light of its title on every word within its covers. Thomas Moult's Barrie deserves a place among the few critical biographies that are after the manner of Boswell's Johnson. Barrie is not merely the alpha and omega of this book; he is the whole alphabet of it. And to anyone who loves Barrie, this omnipresence is the one necessary recommendation. If there be anyone who does not know and love Barrie, he should straightway go to a bookstore.

Besides its merit as a revealing biography of a unique figure in English literature, Mr. Moult's work contains an analysis of Barrie's development as a writer through his succeeding books and plays, that can but be inspiring and technically helpful to other writers. The biographer has caught the whole secret of this man who never grew up and who has made the world much richer and happier by his legacy of tears and laughter that seeps through the veneer of our supposedly adult selves into the innermost heart of us where childhood lives on forever. Unquestionably Barrie "has enveloped the stage with exquisite veils of tenderness and humor, and the gentlest satire in our language." Unquestionably also his tenderness and his humor and his satire are sweet with the sweetness of unspoiled youth.

Barrie never grew up because he never ceased to idolize his mother. "For when you looked into my mother's eyes you knew, as if He had told you, why God sent her into the world —it was to open the minds of all who looked to beautiful thoughts. And that is the beginning and end of literature." In saying that Thomas Moult understands Barrie with the heart of a poet and that his picture of him is content with being a picture, one has doubtless said the one thing that matters. The book is Barrie, and consequently nothing else needs to be said of it.

SISTER M. ELEANORE.

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Briefer Mention

Uther and Igraine, by Warwick Deeping. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

THE fair Igraine, once a novice in an ante-Arthurian convent sacked by fierce pirates from the River Elbe, is safely united to Uther, king of the Britons, and a splendid fellow in the end. Mr. Deeping makes every step of the way exciting and more than relatively human. Thus is proved once again how suggestive of romance the Arthurian legend is, even if one avoids trying to reproduce spirit and local color. Mr. Deeping has contented himself with a sensuous style—Sir Thomas Malory reduced to terms of popular modern understanding—and more than one terse account of antique fighting. I fancy that the book, a reprint of an earlier novel, and the story of a charming woman's fidelity in love, will some day be turned into a triumphant movie. In the interim it can entertain. Why should the lover of romance complain that there is no coming to grips with life, no heightening of tragic or comic tones? Mr. Deeping's obvious resentment of convents is, perhaps, to be discountenanced as being merely unfortunate. It can be said in extenuation that his hero respects them highly, and is most fulsomely rewarded in the last chapter.

The Play's the Thing, by Herbert F. Allen. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press.

AS THE title indicates, these are essays dealing with the drama, although the last one—The Cynic Utopias—would seem to belong under a different heading, since it is a sort of review of those novels treating of the Utopian theory—Butler's Erewhon, Hudson's Crystal Age, and others. The subjects of the other three essays are respectively the reasons for our enjoyment of tragedy, the modernity of Aristophanes, and biographic drama, in which last the author compares and contrasts such modern biographical plays as Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln and Parker's Disraeli with the Greek and Shakespearian historical dramas. Mr. Allen evidently is well versed in his subject, seeming to be thoroughly familiar with both ancient and modern drama; but his style is involved and wordy, and he often repeats himself. The Play's the Thing is a not overly interesting treatment of an interesting subject.

The Laws of Living Things, by Edward J. Menge. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company.

THE director of the Department of Animal Biology in Marquette University is already well known as a writer by his Beginnings of Science and his large work on General and Professional Biology, to which he has now added this smaller manual which is intended for students in high schools and is well adapted, in our opinion, for such. It is well printed and adequately illustrated, and, coming from the source from which it does, we need not doubt that the information is accurate and plainly and clearly set out. The book is one which genuinely deserves to have a wide sale.

Conferences on the Religious Life, by A. M. Skelly, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.25.

THIS book is characterized by solid doctrine and sound sense. It treats with amiable exhortation, and in the traditional way, of the more fundamental topics related to the vows, spirit and rule of community life. While more originality of form would have enhanced the value of these conferences for the sisterhoods, they possess genuine worth.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"It is strange what a hold the old songs have upon us," remarked Doctor Angelicus, ruminatingly. "You can hardly gather a few friends around a bowl more or less flowing but one of them is sure to begin some trolling old song, forget the third line and hum the rest; while the party waiting its cue for the chorus breaks in valiantly with Little Annie Rooney, The Bowery, or My Old Kentucky Home. Geniality is sure to express itself in music, and the man who wished to write the songs, not the laws, of his nation had certainly an aching for remembrance. There is a fashion, a flare even, among popular songs; the favorite Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight may elapse before the plaintive drawlings of Remember. The test of real greatness among favorites, as among works of higher art, is in continuance, in the hold they take upon the ceaseless centuries. Why, for instance, should a song like Paul Dresser's:

" 'Take a seat, old lady,
For you are welcome there,
Do not hesitate, ma'am,
For I own that chair;
I know you must be tired,
Besides, you're old and gray,
You'll find it there and welcome,
when you pass this way'

—why, I say, in these days of crowded subways and limited seatings should a song so vivid be forgotten, when On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away is remembered in all our gatherings?

" 'Through the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming'

is a line that brings back the Swanee River, also 'far, far away.' It is the indefinite that seems to score with our sentimentalists. One cannot wonder, therefore, that quiescence has settled over:

" 'Don't tell her that you love her, don't say what you will do,
Don't promise that you'll wed her just because she's fond of you,
Don't tell her of the future years, and all that you'd go through
For her sake, do not tell her this, mankind is seldom true—'

showing a certain agreement with William Shakespeare's opinion that:

" 'Men were deceivers ever,
One foot on sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never,'

—the old thought, the old slur upon masculine fidelity to be handed down, I am afraid, in the Shakespearean phrase and not in the modernized version."

Britannicus, helping himself liberally to pinches of his Prince's Mixture, remarked on the similar tenderness he entertained for the old ballads of England and Ireland, and took up from his desk the interesting volume of Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, collected by W. Roy Mackenzie and just issued by the Harvard University Press.

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as well as the Swiss and Alsatian settlers of the northern province. The Gaul and the Gael mingle in this primitive melting pot and the result proves somewhat like a Scotch broth with foreign seasoning.

"'Let's away to New Scotland, where plenty sits queen
O'er as happy a country as ever was seen;
No landlords are there the poor tenants to tease,
No lawyers to bully, no stewards to seize;
They've no duties on candles, no taxes on malt,
Nor do they, as we do, pay sauce for their salt'

—the noble sentiments of the emancipated Scot! And hear this chantey waving down at us from one of the old-time ballads:

"'Did you ever see a wild goose floating on the ocean?
Ranzo, ranzo, away, away!
It's just like the young girls when they take a notion,
Ranzo, ranzo, away, away!'

"And mark, I pray you, the sweet insouciance of this sentiment:

"'O, where are you going, my pretty fair maid?
Hay, Rio!
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said,
And I'm bound for Rio Grande.'"

"Some milking expedition, I should say," interrupted Angelicus. "I can detect the same note as the Volga Boatman's Song in:

"'A dollar and a half is very small pay,
Lowlands low high, my bonny gal!
A dollar and a half is very small pay,
A dollar and a half a day! . . .

"'Now I thought I heard the Old Man say,
Lowlands low high, my bonny gal!
I thought I heard the Old Man say,
A dollar and a half a day!. . .

"'We were jamming cotton down in Mobile Bay
Lowlands low high, my bonny gal!
Jamming cotton down in Mobile Bay
For a dollar and a half a day!'

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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